

Twentieth Year--August 24, 1912

Los Angeles, California--Price Ten Cents

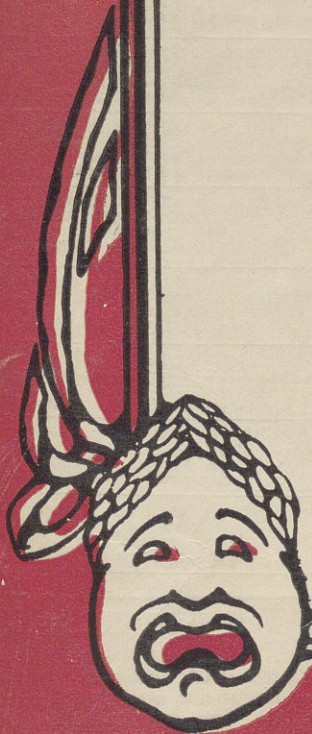
The GRAPHIC



MRS. GODFREY HOLTERHOFF

[Photo by Matzene]

RALPH FULLERTON MOCINE



PUBLIC LIBRARY
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

--Mt. Washington--

The Switzerland of America

Homes "1000 Feet
Above the Sea"

Exhilarating healthful atmosphere.
Marvelous and inspiring scenery,
Rich, responsive soil—perfect drainage,
Artistic improvements—all the conveniences,
High restrictions.

Twenty minutes by auto from Sixth and Spring.

The future homes of Los Angeles' most discriminating and ultra fashionable families will be on Mount Washington.

Be you ever so skeptical, a visit to the hill will convince you of these facts.

Drive out today in your machine, or make an appointment for ours.

Write or 'phone for our booklet.

Robert Marsh & Co.

Trust and Savings Building,

Los Angeles, Cal., Sixth and Spring Streets

G. W. QUIN, Resident Manager.

Office Phones, 10175; Main 1045.

Mt. Washington Phone 31255

Take Garvanza car on Main street to Avenue 43 and Incline Railway to property. Autos go through Broadway Tunnel and out Pasadena to Avenue 41 and Dayton Avenue, there entering Mt. Washington Drive, the greatest and most wonderful of its kind in the West.

Special Summer Rates at

HOTEL MT. WASHINGTON

Until October 1st, ten days for twenty dollars, including fare and delightful ride on incline cars. Elevation of almost 1000 feet. Fanned by never failing cooling breezes. Splendid tennis courts, music and frequent dancing parties. Accessible in 25 minutes by Garvanza and South Pasadena Cars.

Phones 31227 East 3567. Write or Phone for illustrated booklet.

L. M. WOODWARD, Manager.

ROUND THE WORLD

\$617.70 :: SPECIAL TOURS :: \$617.70

September 14, 16, 27, 1912

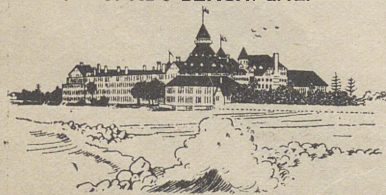
Optional Side Trips

Call and See Us

THOS. COOK & Son, 515 S. Spring St.,
Los Angeles

Hotel del Coronado

CORONADO BEACH, CAL.



Located on the Ocean girded peninsula just across the Bay from San Diego. America's Greatest Year 'Round Resort. Hundreds of miles of scenic roads; garage and livery service, golf, tennis, boating, fishing, bay and surf bathing. Booklet on request.

JOHN J. HERNAN, Manager,
or—
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, Agent,
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Santa Catalina Island,

Commodious Steamers

BEST FISHING IN THE WORLD.

GOLF.

TENNIS.

COACHING.

Famous Marine Gardens Viewed Through Glass Bottom Boats.

RANNING COMPANY, 104 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Phones: Main 4492, F 6576

Daily Service

All Hotels Open

Pacific Northwest Canadian Rockies

The Land That Lures

Portland and the Willamette and Columbia Rivers.

Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver on Puget Sound.

Fraser River Canyon.

Revelstoke, Glacier, Rogers Pass and Field in the Selkirks.

Lake Louise, Banff and Canadian National Park.

Arrow Lake and Kootenay Lake.

Spokane and The Inland Empire.

Summer Excursions

Long Limits

Liberal Stopovers

Southern Pacific

LOS ANGELES OFFICES

600 South Spring Street
Station Fifth and Central Ave.

* CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME.

OFFICERS.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE
IN LOS ANGELES
N. E. Cor. Second and Main

F. M. DOUGLAS, President.
H. J. STAVE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus, \$25,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

OLD BOOKS

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Call and "Browse" or send for catalogue. Tel. Main 3859, F3250. Open evenings till 8 o'clock.

DAWSON'S BOOK SHOP
518 SOUTH HILL ST.

FOR RENT

Well lighted and quiet Studios in the GAMUT CLUB BUILDING. Especially attractive summer quarters for Musicians and Artists. For terms, etc., apply to the Manager.

1044 SOUTH HOPE STREET

THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXXVII--No. 13

LOS ANGELES, AUGUST 24, 1912

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address

Publication Office, 403-4 San Fernando Building.
Telephone: Home A 4432.
Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter.

TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER : : EDITOR



ACQUITTED BY A JURY ONLY

HAVING been acquitted by a jury that had been in continuous session for three months, in which time the trial had been notorious for the excessive acerbities of opposing counsel, Clarence Darrow is a free man, so far as the charge of corruptly influencing George N. Lockwood, a jurymen drawn in the McNamara venire, is concerned. That a verdict was returned in less than forty minutes after receiving the judge's instructions indicates the unanimity of opinion of the twelve men. Doubtless, they were helped to a rapid decision by the imperative nature of the charge from the bench which left but little option for the exercise of a mind in doubt save to acquit.

Whether Mr. Darrow is guilty or not he is certainly a man of wonderful self-poise and his plea for exoneration was probably one of the most extraordinary efforts known to modern jurisprudence. Alternately, he swayed the jury to smiles and tears by his profound eloquence in which his own emotions were allowed full bent. It was not a logical argument that he presented, but an appeal to the sentimental side of the human beings on whose feelings he played so masterfully and that it successfully withstood the cold, unimpassioned logic of the prosecuting attorney is proved by the verdict. Facts appear to have been ignored in the thirty or forty minute debate following the jury's retirement. "Not guilty" was the conclusion reached, apparently before Captain Fredericks had begun his impressive address.

Perhaps, the decision is justifiable, but a close following of the evidence must have aroused doubts that could not have been dissipated in a thirty-minute reviewing. It is preposterous to assume that Lockwood, Franklin and the district attorney were in a conspiracy to fasten the guilt of jury bribing on Darrow and it is equally beyond belief that so dominating a lawyer was ignorant of the acts of his confidential employe, Franklin, a man wholly without means whose handling of large sums of money must have been known to his principal. If the latter, who was in full charge of the defense funds, did not furnish them, who did?

However, the jury has spoken and unless the Bain charge is taken up and pushed to a more successful finish than the Lockwood case the public is not likely to be any the wiser than now. As it is justice is absurdly travestied in the McNamara cases and the collateral trials. One wretch who is guilty of killing twenty men is made comfortable if not happy for life; and his brother, whose crimes for wilful and wholesale destruction of property are many, is confined in the state penitentiary for a few years only.

This, thanks to the interference with the law by pestiferous outsiders and the complacency of a judge and prosecuting attorney. Next, a scamp like Franklin is allowed to plead guilty, impeach his principal, and escape his deserts by the payment of a fine, which farcical punishment is discharged by the turning over of the exact sum taken from him, presumably the cash furnished by his employer for jury bribing purposes. Now, as a final stroke, the man whose "duty" it was—for a fat fee—to rob justice of its right to inflict punishment on the fiends—he calls them "friends"—whom he knew to be guilty, is declared chaste and without guile. Opera bouffe never portrayed anything more supremely ridiculous, all things considered.

QUEER COMMENT FROM THE BENCH

SURELY, it was not necessary for Judge Hutton to state that in the event of Darrow coming to trial again for alleged jury bribing he will not preside. After his comment at the conclusion of the first trial it was patent that he could not, with propriety, sit in judgment at a second one. We confess it was with considerable amazement and no little chagrin that we read of this utterance, attributed to him in the court room:

Now that the case is ended I consider it entirely proper for me to congratulate Mr. Darrow upon his acquittal. I know that millions of hallelujahs will go up through the length and breadth of this land.

We should like to have the trial judge explain why he thought it "entirely proper" for him to congratulate Darrow upon his acquittal? As a lawyer, he must have known that the evidence could not have been considered by the jury in its thirty-minute discussion and that the acquittal was rendered solely on sentimental grounds, induced by the appeal of the defendant for clemency. The grave question of the blow below the belt which jury bribing deals to the fundamental principles of justice was ignored completely. Is that a matter for congratulation by a judge of our superior court? Does Judge Hutton believe that the "millions of hallelujahs" he "knows" will go up will emanate from thoughtful citizens who rejoice that justice has miscarried? We are curious to get his point of view.

If he means that jubilation will be general over the escape of a lawyer who received \$200,000 in hard cash, subscribed by laboring men all over the country, to defend what they believed to be innocent victims, but known by Darrow to be guilty, we are still unconvinced. Mr. Darrow tells us that he intends to devote his life, as heretofore, to the service of the poor and afflicted. It would seem to be a profitable undertaking. The afflicted, presumably, being those who are in danger of the law's vengeance and which he, for a price, will seek to avert. We realize that every time he succeeds in circumventing the law and aiding a malefactor to go scot free numerous hallelujahs will arise from those immediately interested, but we dislike to see a judge joining in the chorus of approval.

HAMSTRINGING THE HEALTH OFFICE

HYSTERIA is what a morning contemporary dubs the efforts of the health office of Los Angeles to prevent the spread of infantile paralysis, by means of every precaution that medical science suggests. Possibly, the unreason exemplified abroad may lead to a slight relaxation in rules, for fear of hurting business, but we deplore the attempt to render unpopular the regulations adopted to stamp out the disease and hazard the opinion that it is a playing with fire that may result in burnt hands. Not every parent is able

to convey his children in private automobile to a beach resort to stay there until all danger is averted, as is true of the owner of the Tribune now found caviling at the health office rules and hamstringing its usefulness.

No scare is baseless that shows a record of 231 cases in sixty days with twenty per cent fatalities. It is unfortunate that business should suffer by reason of the reluctance of timid parents to visit the metropolis, but in an emergency all must abide by what it regarded as best for the majority. However, we doubt if any marked diminution in trade has followed the imposing of the quarantines in force. We have seen no denunciatory resolutions issuing from the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of this city nor yet from the Chamber of Commerce. Of course, the city council is justified in taking steps to refute the exaggerated reports of the extent of the disease, but it should go slow in restricting the activities of the health officials.

Four doctors whose names we do not recall as among the best known medical practitioners of Los Angeles are quoted in the Tribune as "prominent physicians" who flatly contradict the statements of Dr. L. M. Powers, the able and energetic health officer of Los Angeles. One of them says that he had examined fifteen cases diagnosed by doctors as infantile paralysis which proved to be unimportant stomach troubles. We hope the medical association of Los Angeles will make an effort to ascertain the truth or falsity of this statement. A professorial chemist, not in practice, scoffs at the disease and theorizes on the symptoms, but it is fairly certain that he would not be called in for consultation in an emergency case of the kind. The "civic bodies" that protest against the scare prove to be the Retail Butchers' board of trade and the Moving Picture Men's Association. The secretary of a "rotary" club—whatever that may be—fulminates on his own recognizance and "forty members" of the Hotel Men's Association have discussed the "situation." Otherwise, the health office is indorsed in its efforts to relieve the city of a baneful visitation.

JUSTICE TO BE UNIMPEDED

BECAUSE the ill-advised attempt to remove the death penalty from the constitution has proved abortive Gov. Johnson now announces that he will not further interfere with justice and he leaves the seven murderers, whom he has repeatedly reprieved, to their fate. That he should have exercised his prerogative to grant respites on so tenuous an excuse as the circulation of a petition that might or might not have been approved is decidedly to his discredit. The seven men were in nowise worthy of clemency; had been fairly tried and were lawfully sentenced. His attempt to make the petition retroactive was not warranted and, in fact, militated against the ends of justice.

We hope this impotent effort to wipe out a just law, designed for the protection of society, will convince the molycoddlers who fathered it that the people of California are still uncompromisingly opposed to the unlawful taking of human life; that the sacredness of life can only be maintained by inflicting drastic punishment on those who violate this creed and that to take a position in anywise receding from this attitude is to invite fearful reprisals. The average jury, being human, may be trusted to temper justice with mercy, whenever the controlling conditions call for the exercise of the divine attribute and to this bulwark of our liberties we may well leave the question of punishment.

We have shown in numerous instances how the presence of the death penalty on our statute books

aids in extorting confessions from murderers and their allies. By reason of this Damocletian sword expensive trials often are avoided, the accused preferring to take no chances if an opportunity to save his neck by accepting life imprisonment is offered. Were the death penalty removed malefactors would invade the criminal courts as never before, since the worst they would get would be immurement for life, with the chance of pardon at never so distant a date ever lurking in the background of their minds. Experience has shown that capital punishment is a necessity so long as fear is a factor in the human microcosm. We congratulate the commonwealth on the elimination of a projected menace to its well-being.

ROOSEVELT'S "PRIZE" PACKAGES

CANDIDATE number two, in the person of Theodore Roosevelt, followed Gov. Wilson's introductory speech of the campaign by making his opening talk since receiving the Progressive nomination, at Providence, Rhode Island, last Friday. Like his distinguished Democratic rival the Colonel paid great attention to the tariff, but in no marked particular does he differ in conclusions from the Republican nominee, Mr. Taft. He is for protection, he told his auditors, but with the benefits getting into the pay envelope of the wage earner. Just how they will worm their way in he didn't explain; it is merely another variant of the seductive "full dinner pail" catch-phrase with which the artful Mark Hanna hypnotized the rank-and-file voters in 1896. Experience has demonstrated that the protective tariffs put ten per cent into the workman's pay envelope and later rob him of ninety per cent of his earnings.

Regretfully, we are obliged to conclude that the Colonel is more or less of a poseur. He tells us that the Progressive movement is not only for economic, but for ethical betterment; that appeal is made not only to man's self-interest, but to what is highest and best in him. It reads well, it sounds well, but, constructively, what does it yield? How can the economic betterment of the average citizen be effected if the same old policies of unequal taxation and special privileges are to be followed? It is all very well to say "we are going to insist on the average man having a greater share than now of the good things which by his labor are produced," but in what way? Not by depriving the Steel and Harvester trusts of the duties that enable them to rob American consumers. His campaign chairman, Mr. Perkins, would regard that as the action of an ingrate.

Mr. Roosevelt says "We propose to reduce the various schedules as to which duty is undoubtedly too high." This is to be done through a non-partisan commission of experts. Precisely Mr. Taft's idea. But as both hold to the protection fallacy the workman's pay envelope is never in danger of profiting to any material extent. It must be remembered that in the seven years of his administration Mr. Roosevelt made no attempt at tariff revision. He had countless opportunities to urge congress to distribute the "prize money" more equitably, but took advantage of none. He must be judged by his past non-performances and present (Perkins) affiliations. In theory he is unchanged. For the purpose of attracting votes he is found announcing his intention of working for the amelioration of the lot of the laboring man, but his avowed plan of operation is inconsistent with his promise. It is reminiscent of the highwayman quoted by President Lincoln who at the point of a pistol reminds his victim that unless the plunder is forthcoming he will have to shoot, in which case the slain will be the murderer. The excessive tariff is the robber, the victim is the consumer; if he refuses to vote for its continuance he will be inciting to his undoing—but he'll be robbed in any event. Gov. Wilson would throttle the hold-up man. Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt would coddle him. Mr. Hilles is right, the fight is to defeat Wilson.

Belaboring his Democratic opponent, sneering at the platform, charging Gov. Wilson with apathy and

asserting that his party is in the control of "bosses" will not help the Colonel's cause, but to the contrary. The people have a right estimate of the splendid intellectual grasp of Gov. Wilson; they believe him to be sincere in his utterances and they have good reason to know that he has been nominated not by the bosses, but in spite of them. As a leader he measures up well. He is not exactly the candidate that "Pop" prayed might be nominated, which, perhaps, detracts from the regard the Colonel might otherwise have for him, but he is under no such obligations as Mr. Roosevelt insidiously and unfairly seeks to have voters believe. It is a sneaking and wholly contemptible method of campaigning to the like of which, we feel sure, Gov. Wilson would never descend.

WILSON ON THE NATIONAL NIGHTMARE

FARMERS everywhere will do well to ponder the address of Gov. Wilson at Gloucester, New Jersey, at the Farmers' Day celebration recently, before an audience gathered from New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania. It chanced to be the governor's first campaign speech since he was officially notified of his nomination for the presidency and it was full of meaty reflections and pregnant with incisive truth. Pithily referring to the fact that farmers that day, at least, held the center of the stage, the governor asked, When did the farmers ever occupy the center of the stage in our politics? He was frank to say that he had seldom seen their interests regarded in legislation.

Branching out into a disquisition on the tariff the Democratic leader said his indictment against it is that it represents special partnerships and not the general interest. He showed how the tariff ultimately concerned the farmer, instancing the effect of Mr. Taft's veto of the steel bill on their purchase of tools, for example. Said the governor:

Tariff measures are not measures for the merchant, merely, and the manufacturer. The farmer pays just as big a proportion of the tariff in the United States as anyone else. Indeed, sometimes when we are challenged to say who the consumer is, as contrasted with the producer, so far as the tariff is concerned, I am tempted to answer "the farmer," but he does not produce any of the things that get any material benefit from the tariff and he consumes all the things that are taxed under the tariff system.

If the farmers have prospered it is in spite of the tariff, we might add. Explaining the benefits likely to accrue to the farmer from the Panama canal, the governor stated the object of prohibiting ships from passing through owned by the railroads. Said he: "We don't want the railroads to compete with themselves, because we understand that kind of competition. We want the water carriage to compete with the land carriage, so as to be perfectly sure that you are going to get better rates around the canal than you would across the continent." We wish the governor had explained how free tolls for coastwise vessels are going to help the farmer. To deprive the nation of the legitimate income the canal should earn to make it able to meet the fixed charges does not strike us as good business policy.

Turning to the parcels post which the Republican party has so vainly essayed to establish, in spite of its repeated platform promises, Gov. Wilson pointed out that this is the only civilized country in the world where the government does not see to it that rates established by the government enable men to ship their goods, from one end of the continent to the other. "We have no parcels post until you reach the ports," he declared, "and from the ports to the other side of the Atlantic you can have parcels post rates, but you cannot have them inside the United States. Because—may I conjecture the reason?—because there are certain express companies which object."

In concluding his informing and sane address the presidential nominee scoffed at the tariff theory which practically teaches that business cannot succeed unless it feeds on government pap. He insists that legitimate business enterprises of this country have nothing to fear, provided they will stand on their own bottoms, but they have everything to fear if

all they have under them is the prop of a tax which everybody is obliged to pay in order that they may be able to conduct their business. Instead of the protective tariff Gov. Wilson thinks it should be known as the restrictive tariff, because it inhibits the conquest of the markets of the world through its blighting effect on our merchant marine, it hems us in, chokes us, smothers us, is a national nightmare.

OPPOSING VIEWS OF PERKINS

SINCE the Bull Mice leaders have selected George W. Perkins as their chairman of the campaign executive committee it is but natural that the founder of the Harvester trust and active member of the executive committee of the Steel trust should be subjected to a magnifying glass examination. We have held that his loyal support of the Colonel at the primaries, especially in capacity of angel, followed by his outspoken promise to see that the Bull Mice cause was not lacking funds in the campaign, argues a grateful regard for past favors and a hope for continuation of the same. Certain it is that were he allied in a similar confidential manner with either Wilson or Taft, the smug Progressive papers would shriek their horrified comments.

As it is, several of them are busy explaining how gentle-souled he is, how harmless is his personality, how free from guile, how far divorced from the Big-Interest-and-Special-Privilege set. We find Editor Rowell of the Fresno Republican assuring his readers that Perkins is as mild-mannered as a man as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat. Here is the Rowell description, gained on close contact:

A very pleasant-mannered, not profoundly intellectual, amateur politician, with many of the petty vanities and some of the petulant tempers which frequently go with the spoiling of too much wealth. Family connections brought about a pleasant social relation with the Roosevelt family, which has developed into a very strong personal loyalty to Theodore Roosevelt. Through this association, the idea seems to have struck Perkins that politics might be a more interesting game than business, and so when, not long ago, he retired from his active business connections, he began utilizing his experience as an organizer in the political instead of the business field.

Contrast the assertion that Perkins is a "nice fellow, of perfectly simple motives, who has a great deal yet to learn . . . harmless" with the statement of the New York Evening Post that Wall street has reason to know of Perkins' "masterful executive ability, his vigorous dominating personality, his far-reaching vision into the future." Attention is called by the Post to Meyer Lissner's deprecation of a Wall street man for executive chairman and to William Allen White's retort of "The Colonel wants him there for the fine work he has done." Naturally, that ended all controversy. He was installed as chairman, hence these apologies from perturbed Progressives.

TAFT'S TEMPORARY, DESERVED VICTORY

PERSISTENCE on the part of the President has saved the commerce court until next March, to which time the appropriations for its maintenance are continued. Twice the executive returned the budget bill without his signature because of its failure to include support of his pet court and twice the house passed it over his veto. But the senate balked in this attempt and although a majority was willing to rap the President the necessary two-thirds vote could not be mustered. Recognizing the futility of further opposition, the house agreed to the elimination of the clause abolishing the court and with the senate concurring the budget bill should receive prompt executive approval.

There is a vast difference of opinion concerning the desirability of retaining the commerce court. Undoubtedly, the charges lodged against Judge Archbald had the effect of prejudicing the house against the court, which was hardly a logical sequence of reasoning. We believe the majority acted inadvisedly in demanding its abolition and that the President was justified in fighting doggedly for its retention. The object of its establishment was to expedite the hearing of railway cases, to pass upon questions affecting rates. By bringing them before a specified federal

court not only prompt action, but unity of decisions might be attained and to this extent the court's function is well defined and, to our thinking, its existence is justified. Mr. Taft has asserted that the commerce court has reduced the average delay in getting rate questions adjudicated from nearly two years to about six months. This, surely, is well worth while. Because one of its judges is proved vulnerable is not to condemn the court itself. The house is illogical.

We could wish that the President were as persistent and clear-minded in other directions as he is on matters affecting our courts. Amply justified in his veto of the budget bill and with a temporary victory achieved he has the same opportunity to emerge with plaudits by a veto of the canal bill for its pernicious free tolls clause. But, alas, we have little to hope in his direction for a determined stand in opposition. He is ready enough to veto a steel bill or a woolen bill because of his adherence to the protection fallacies of his party, but with the honor of the United States at stake, a great business question demanding settlement aright, he is unequal to the task of reaching a decision that upholds national integrity and denies unfair subsidies. Taft, alas, has always favored the latter.

WHICH IS THE ANANIAS?

EITHER Senator Penrose, George B. Cortelyou, or Theodore Roosevelt is indulging in tall prevarication in regard to the alleged contribution of \$100,000 by John D. Archbold of the Standard Oil Company, to the Republican national campaign fund in 1904, what time the Colonel was a presidential candidate. Penrose, accused of receiving \$25,000 from Archbold, defends its acceptance by stating that it was part of the contribution received by the national committee to conduct the campaign of 1904; that \$100,000 went into the general fund and \$25,000 was deflected to him to be used in carrying Pennsylvania, he being a member of the national committee and chairman of the Pennsylvania state central committee.

Cortelyou as chairman of the national committee, and Roosevelt's active manager, in his testimony July 11, before the senate subcommittee on privileges and elections, when asked if he knew of John D. Archbold or anyone on his behalf making a contribution denied all knowledge; said he had never heard of it. That a sum of money of the magnitude named could have been passed to the treasurer, Cornelius N. Bliss, without his knowledge is preposterous; Mr. Bliss would not have accepted it without Cortelyou's approval and this could not have been given unless the subject had been discussed.

We have yet to hear from Mr. Bliss. In the face of Penrose's declaration on the floor of the senate he can hardly deny the receipt of the amount named even if the records are destroyed, as Cortelyou testified. Penrose says, further, that President Roosevelt had been advised of the contribution. This is emphatically refuted by the Colonel who in an interview at Wilkesbarre quoted from letters sent to Cortelyou in 1904, asking if the rumor were true that the Standard Oil crowd had contributed \$100,000 and if it were true to return the amount forthwith. "Mr. Cortelyou," declares Mr. Roosevelt, "informed me that no contribution had been received from the Standard Oil people and that none would be received." By telephone Mr. Cortelyou has reiterated his denial of eight years ago.

It begins to look as if Messrs. Cortelyou and Bliss had "put one over" on their principal. We are bound to believe that Mr. Roosevelt is sincere in his affirmation that no Standard Oil money aided in his election. But the declaration of Penrose is of too point blank a nature to be disregarded and, besides, it should be susceptible of verification. Mr. Bliss appears not to have been interrogated. Why is he not brought to book? Let him be questioned, on oath, and Archbold, likewise. We recall that Chairman Cortelyou's testimony was sadly incomplete. He admitted that he "didn't know" where many of the largest items came from, which makes us suspicious that he was either protesting too much when he denied

the alleged Archbold contribution or else he had been purposely kept uninformed by Treasurer Bliss—assuming that Penrose knows what he is talking about. As to this the Pennsylvania senator explicitly states:

John D. Archbold had several interviews with Cornelius N. Bliss, treasurer of the Republican national committee, and with me, relative to financial assistance in the campaign. Finally, we came to an understanding by which Mr. Archbold made a contribution of \$125,000 of which \$100,000 was to go to Mr. Bliss as treasurer of the Republican national committee for the national presidential campaign outside of Pennsylvania and \$25,000 to be contributed to me as state chairman for the campaign in Pennsylvania. Mr. Archbold received the receipt of Mr. Bliss as treasurer and as representing the Republican national committee for the amount of \$100,000. The contribution of \$25,000, received by me as chairman of the Republican state committee of Pennsylvania was expended in the presidential campaign in that state.

This has a veracious sound and unless refuted by Bliss and Archbold is entitled to credence. We are not concerned with the second "touch" sought to be made by Bliss at a later date, since, although Archbold is reported to have been willing, his associates withheld their consent and the campaign fund was not further enriched. Considering that the Standard Oil people were opposing the Roosevelt administration's plan to establish a bureau of corporations the President took the ground that he could not afford to accept financial support from that quarter. We believe he is sincere in this; it is patent that his campaign committee fooled him or, at least, Treasurer Bliss did. Since then the passage of the "corrupt practices" acts and laws, forbidding corporations to make any political contributions whatever—along with the compulsory publication of subscriptions—have made a repetition of the 1904 donations practically impossible. To that time the big trusts had not failed to yield liberally to the party that, as Gov. Wilson jocularly observed the other day, made up the tariff schedules "for the purpose of keeping as large a number as possible of the rich and influential manufacturers of the country in a good humor with the Republican party, which desired their constant financial support."

MILITANT HUMANITARIAN OFF DUTY

WHETHER or not Westminster Abbey shall have the honor to receive all that is mortal of "General" William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, there is a shrine that calls for no formal permit for occupation and it is found in the hearts of that vast body of the undercurrent of humanity among which he has labored with uninterrupted zeal for half a century. There was nothing sordid or spectacular in the personal devotion of the Salvation Army leader to his "call." He saw the gap in humanity's ranks that the churches did not quite fill and he assigned his life to the task, with what result the world for two generations well knows. Not only himself but practically his entire family, consisting of eight children, was engaged with him in the humanitarian work with which he was identified through the Salvation Army.

One of the great trials of his life was the secession of his son Ballington from the "army," with which body the younger man had been officially connected for many years. Forming what is known as the Volunteer Army the son pursued practically the same course adopted by his sire in reaching out for the unchurched masses, with headquarters in America. In this work he has had the constant assistance of his brilliant wife, Maude, whose success on the lecture platform has contributed in no slight degree to the fortunes of the Volunteer movement in this country. Several times a reconciliation was sought by close friends of the Booths, but the son declined to yield, although he received his father at the time of the latter's visit to the United States in 1898, but the two organizations have remained apart.

It is announced that Bramwell Booth, eldest son of the general, will succeed his father, whose chief of staff he has been for a quarter of a century. The latter is not endowed with the wonderful organizing power of the founder of the army, but he has the entire confidence of his subordinates and has won the respect of those philanthropic souls who have contributed

liberally from time to time to the army funds for the prosecution of its work. Resting securely on the firm foundation implanted by its founder the Salvation Army is a unique and permanent factor in the religious and humanitarian movements of many countries. The originator of this vehicle for the uplift of the downtrodden and lowly goes to his earthly resting place beloved and revered by millions of the unwashed whom he has helped and with the profound esteem of countless others who, at first inclined to scoff, have remained to praise his wonderful qualities that have done so much for the relief of fallen humanity everywhere.

WHY ONE PRESIDENTIAL TERM IS BEST

SENATOR Borah in opposing the single six-year presidential term said he would like to know what there was in the present situation which should prohibit a man serving his country so long as his acts and character demanded the support and approval of a majority of the electorate. The best reply is found in the action of the Republican national convention at Chicago. Because of Mr. Taft's political appointments in the south he was able to gain control of enough delegates, together with those in the north fraudulently seated by the national committee, to force his nomination for a second term, to the great detriment of his party and its certain temporary overthrow.

Mr. Taft is out of touch with the majority of Republicans, he is in no sense representative of their trend of thought, yet he seeks to fasten himself on the people for a second term. He will be humiliated as few presidential candidates in the past have been and he will owe his defeat to his desire to placate the leaders of his party in order to gain their support in his aspirations. Had the single term of office precluded all incentive for the playing of politics he would have been able to give heed to the wishes of the rank and file and by advocating the legislation they demanded have retired from office with esteem well earned. Instead, he will be forced into a retirement that is richly deserved, for in no sense has he kept his pre-election pledges to the people. His alone is the fault.

We can understand an argument that points out the lack of unity likely to arise between party leaders in congress and a one-term President, but the people may be trusted to take care of any apathy displayed by their representatives in the national legislature. We believe the preponderating influences that impel a presidential candidate for re-election to action are detrimental to the best interests of the country and only by removing the incentive can these defects in the system be cured. Senator Works' proposed amendment does not contemplate complete elimination of a desirable executive. It merely removes the immediate successorship menace; there is no valid objection to a good President, aspiring again to the White House after the lapse of a term. Senator Borah must know that the scandals in the south, among office-holding delegates to the national conventions, have proved the defectiveness of the present system which the proposed change would be bound to eliminate.

Heaven be praised! the San Francisco McNamaras, husband and wife, are reconciled. It was a case of a weak-minded wife, a strong-minded female companion, a willing chauffeur and the "old man's" automobile. Not having title to the latter the fleeing party was arrested. Now the principals have kissed and made up, the conniving companion is discharged and the chauffeur hopes the authorities will do as much for him.

Gov. Johnson has appointed a special immigration commission to investigate the coming influx of settlers by way of the Panama Canal, with a view to rendering a report to the executive and legislature as to the best means for distributing the expected increase and to guard against slum conditions that infest the east. It is a wise prevision.

California emerged triumphant in the national tennis championship doubles at Newport. With McLoughlin of San Francisco and our own "Tom" Bundy in alliance the coast was fairly assured of victory.

John Masefield's Pitiful Tragedy of "Nan" ---By Randolph Bartlett

(Seventh Paper on Modern Drama)

IN ALL literature it is difficult to recall a figure so abjectly pitiful as that which John Masefield has created in the "gallus" bird in "The Tragedy of Nan." Great tragedies are born of great emotions. There is compensation for the individual who goes down before the tremendous impact of a clash with great forces. There is a heroic thrill in such lives that stops all thought of pity. Who would pity Brand, who, after stormily leading his people to the heights, and sacrificing everything to his ideal, finds himself stoned and deserted, and his eyes opened too late? Who would pity little Hedwig of "The Wild Duck," who in a passion of self-sacrifice removes herself from a life which had grown too complicated for her? And while one must pity such a soul as Mrs. Jones in "The Silver Box," who, through the errors of the course of justice loses what little chance of livelihood she has had, she at least had known the happiness of motherhood, and there have been a few bright spots in her life.

In the life of Nan there is nothing but tragedy, for what little joy there was in her brief childhood only serves to make more acute the utter dreariness of her tragic after life. Her soul cries aloud for sympathy, and unfolds its sweetness at the first sign of understanding or affection, only to have the hot ashes of disappointment scattered upon its petals, withering them even before they see the sun.

Masefield has taken extreme pains that there shall be nothing in his drama to cloud the picture. It was the elemental for which he was striving, and he removed his characters far from the present day, with its socialistic controversies and class warfare. He went back a century, to the country near the mouth of the Severn, among an almost unknown or forgotten people, desperately poor, but still able to eke out a living, and even gather now and then for a dance or a frolic to relieve the dullness of life. Here he introduces Nan, who stands naked and unashamed, crying out for a word of sympathy, and ready to bestow in return all the richness of a heart which asks only a willing recipient for its pent up treasures.

Nan's father has been hanged because he was convicted of stealing a sheep. Her mother dies of a broken heart, and her uncle, Mr. Pargetter—her mother's brother—takes her into his home. The remainder of the family consists of Nan's aunt, Mrs. Pargetter, and her cousin Jenny, who has just returned home after being "in service." Mrs. Pargetter has always resented the intrusion of the girl, for in many ways she is superior to her own daughter, Pargetter even openly expressing his preference for Nan to Jenny. But the uncle is away from home most of the time, and the aunt has a free hand for her constant nagging.

In the first scene she vents her spleen by throwing Nan's coat—treasured as a gift from her father, the only kind person she ever has known—into a trough of swill. She twits Jenny with the declaration that Nan, "the gallus' bird," has won the affection of Dick Gurvil, who had been selected for Jenny's husband. And then she succeeds in estranging Pargetter from Nan by making him think the girl broke his cider mug, from which he and his grandfather before him, have drunk their cider. After a stormy encounter, in which Nan seems to have been forsaken by everyone, she and Jenny are left alone, and the hypocritical cousin makes a pretence of sympathy, in order to gain Nan's confidence, and the following conversation ensues:

JENNY. Don't take it to 'eart. Us be goin' to be friends, ben't us, dear?

NAN. It be kind of you to speak kind.

JENNY. And us'll go out of a Sunday. Why, us'll be girt friends. It go to my 'eart to think of thy trouble.

NAN. Will'ee be a friend, cousin Jenny?

JENNY. There, there. Wot pretty eyes you 'ave. Your 'air's thicker than mine. 'Ow you do a set it off. Us'll have no secrets, will us?

NAN. 'Ee will be my friend, won't 'ee Jenny? Do-an't 'ee be agen me—I couldn't bear it if you turned against me. I've sometimes been near killing myself since I came here. Your mother's been that bitter to me.

JENNY. Don't 'ee say such things.

NAN. Jenny, I'll tell 'ee why I didn't kill myself.

JENNY. Lord, Nan, do-a-n't 'ee.

NAN. I want 'ee to bear with me, Jenny. I'll

tell 'ee why I didn't kill myself. I thought * * * there * * * it's only nonsense. Did you ever think about men, Jenny? About loving a man? About marriage?

JENNY. I've 'oped to 'ave a 'ome of my own. And not to be a burden 'ere and that.

NAN. Ah! But about 'elping a man?

JENNY. A man 'as strength. 'E ought to 'elp a woman.

NAN. I could 'elp a man, Jenny.

JENNY. Wot idevers you do 'ave!

NAN. When a girl's 'eart is breaking, Jenny, she 'as idevers.

JENNY. Ah!

NAN. Jenny!

JENNY. Yes, Nan?

NAN. I've never talked to a woman like this afore. I felt I'd die if I couldn't talk to someone.

JENNY. I know, exackly!

NAN. When I see you so kind, and you so pretty, Jenny, I felt I must speak.

JENNY. Love be queer, ben't it? The things it makes people do. Could 'ee fancy 'a man, Nan?

NAN. Perhaps.

JENNY. Ugly girt scrawfs, I think they be.

NAN. Not all of them.

JENNY. Perhaps you 'ave a fancy, Nan? 'Ave you, dear. 'Ave you? 'Oo be it, Nan? Tell me, dearie. I wouldn't tell a single soul. Tell me, Nan. You said as you'd 'ave no secrets from me.

NAN. Ah!

JENNY. Is it anyone I know?

(NAN goes to her and puts an arm around her and kisses her.)

NAN. It be Dick Gurvil, Jenny.

JENNY. Dick Gurvil?

NAN. I love him. I love him.

JENNY. Do you love him very much?

NAN. It feel like my 'eart was in flower, Jenny.

JENNY. Ah! It must. (A pause.) I 'ope you'll be very 'appy. You and Mr. Gurvil.

NAN. God bless you, Jenny.

JENNY. What eyes you have got, cousin Nan. To think of you fancying Dick! It be nice to 'ave you for a friend, cousin Nan.

NAN. Kiss me, dear. You've never kissed me.

JENNY. There! Go and bathe thy eyes, Nan. They'll be red if 'ee don't. 'Ee mustn't 'ave them red for Dick to-night. Bathe 'em in cold.

NAN. I could cry, I could. (She goes slowly out.)

JENNY. (At the other door.) Mother. (Softly.) Mother.

MRS. P. (Off.) Yes!

JENNY. Come 'ere a moment.

MRS. P. (Wiping her hands.) What d'yer want now.

JENNY. About Nan.

MRS. P. Wot? Wot about 'er?

JENNY. (Giggling.) She be soft on Dick, Mother. Her've a-told me.

MRS. P. Ho!

JENNY. (Giggling.) Us'll 'ave to watch it. Mother.

MRS. P. I'll watch it.

All has been prepared for a frolic at the Pargetter home. Dick Gurvil arrives first, and makes love to Nan, and she opens her heart to him as she did to Jenny. She wants to tell him of her father's disgraceful death, but he refuses to listen, and she dares not risk her happiness, for happiness is something new to her. Then the neighbors pour in, and Nan's aunt manages to take Gurvil to one side, and insidiously point out certain advantages which would accrue to him through a match with Jenny, also enlightening him as to Nan's family history. He falls for the lures, and as the dance is about to begin Mrs. Pargetter announces the betrothal. Thus, in a word, is the double betrayal of friend and lover, broken to the girl, while the ignorant louts laugh at her discomfiture.

There is an old fiddler at the party, and while the others are at dinner he, in his half-witted, mystical way, tells Nan of the death of his sweetheart half a century before, on the eve of the wedding day:

GAFFER. She look out of the window, my white vlower done. She said, "The tide. The tide. The tide coming up the river." And a horn blew. The gold rider blew a 'orn. And she rose up, my white vlower done. And she burst out a-laughing, a-laughin. And 'er fell back, my white vlower done. Gold 'air on the pillow. And blood. Oh, blood. Blood of my girl. Blood of my vlower.

NAN. In your arms, Gaffer?

GAFFER. On my 'eart. My white vlower lay on my 'eart. The tide. The tide. The tide coming up the river.

NAN. She was 'appy to die so, Gaffer. Along of 'er true love. You 'ad the sweet of love along of your vlower. But them as 'as the sharp of love. They as never 'as no sweet. O I wish the tide was comin' up over my 'ed I do.

Suddenly, in the midst of the festivities, there come to the house officers of the law. They are looking for Nan. It has transpired that her father has been discovered to have been innocent of the

theft of the sheep, and in compensation Nan is paid fifty pounds in gold. This makes her quite an heiress and restores her lost caste. There is sudden consternation among those who have reviled her, and especially with Gurvil, whose greedy eye counts the golden coins as Nan rolls them around the table and pours out her agony of grief for her father. Gurvil tries to restore himself to the good graces of Nan, but the flower of her heart has withered, and she goes to meet the tide.

It is not, in any sense, a problem play, but its place in the field of the modern drama is unique. Excepting for Gibson's "Daily Bread" there is nothing that bears the slightest resemblance to it, and Gibson's conceptions have to do rather with the economic than the psychological. He views life as an epic, but Masefield has simply contented himself with depicting the elemental woman, and is concerned less with fine forms of expression than with stripping off everything that hides the human soul. Gibson has used the language of the poet, Masefield, that of the people of whom he writes. While Gibson thrills one with the tragedy, he exalts his readers with his imaginative coloring. Masefield simply wrings the heart with the utter pitifulness of his subject.

In the same volume there are two more tragedies of the "Gloster" country by Masefield—tragedies of the days when hanging was seemingly about the only punishment provided for wrong-doers of any sort, and when the uncorroborated testimony of the least dependable person was sufficient to send half a dozen to the gallows.

In the first of these, "The Campden Wonder," a somewhat cryptic title, John Perry, wastrel and drunkard, becomes jealous of the advancement of his sober and industrious brother Dick, who has won the favor of their mutual master, and their mother. The master Mr. Harrison, has disappeared, and while it is suspected that he is merely on a protracted spree, John goes to the constable and swears that he, his brother and his mother dragged the old man from his horse and murdered him for his gold. On his unsupported word, despite the denials of the others, the three of them are executed, and almost before they are cold Harrison's wife hurries to the prison with the word that her husband has returned home alive.

"Mrs. Harrison" is a brief one-act sequel to this gory fantasy. Harrison confesses to his wife that he has not been more than twenty miles away from home and that he knew all the time of Perry's perjury. For reasons not stated, however, he was paid a large sum for absenting himself, and as John Perry knew his secret, he determined to let him go to the gallows and take the others with him. Mrs. Harrison, a God fearing woman, is horrified, but her husband threatens her with death if she betrays him. The officers have to make a report of the entire affair to "My Lord" and they come for Harrison's account of himself. His imagination is not equal to the task, and the terror-stricken woman weaves a weird tale of kidnapping, and then, in her remorse, commits suicide.

These latter plays are such as might have been conceived by the malevolent Strindberg. There is little excuse for them, excepting the irresistible dramatic force of the work itself. Nan is Masefield's supreme creation, for in her he has revealed the human soul in one of life's Gethsemanes.

GRAPHITES

Captain Lord of the steamship California is restive under the fire of criticism launched at him since the loss of the Titanic. He says it is "unthinkable that any seaman would wilfully disregard what he knew to be distress signals." That is what Senator Smith's committee concluded after hearing the testimony in Lord's disfavor and it was likewise the opinion reached by the London board of trade when the errant captain was censured. He is a human derelict for his failure to hasten to the rescue.

Why did the slayer of the superintendent of the San Francisco Odd Fellows Cemetery Association change his plea of not guilty to one of guilty, on the promise of escaping the gallows, if life imprisonment is so much more to be feared than hanging? Why did the McNamara dynamiter plead guilty? To save his life. With this insurance against crime on the statute books and the law rigorously enforced the social body is to that extent better protected against crime.

Closely and surely the net of evidence is enveloping Lient. Becker, accused of instigating the murder of the New York gambler Rosenthal. The district attorney holds the strings in his implacable grasp.

DRAWBACKS OF A FRENCH APARTMENT

IF ASKED to give a title to this letter I would call it "Our Court." Let it not be supposed, however, that all of the things which I am about to relate have happened to us. God forbid! If they had, I would not be here to write this letter, but would long since have hung myself on a lamp-post,—that is the picturesque Paris fashion of suicide,—or be safely shut up in a hospital asylum for the hopelessly insane, raving about the beauties of country life and the possibility of tranquility in the middle of the great Sahara desert or on an atoll in the vast wastes of the trackless Pacific.

No, this is not our court I am about to describe, but Paris courts in general with our court as a primary model and many tales of other courts which have been poured into our sympathetic ears by those who, like ourselves, are in need of sympathy. For Paris is badly laid out. You may not believe this. You may say to yourselves: "Why, that is absurd! Have we not heard all these years that Paris was the most beautiful of cities! That it reflected Napoleon's giant mind! That it—" But I will spare you the rest of it. And I will avoid all discussion by agreeing with all that and as much more as you like.

And yet Paris is badly laid out! Paris, the city of vast spaces and broad streets is the greatest possible problem to the architect who has in mind either the pocket of his employer or the comfort of the future tenants in the house he has to plan. For, however you plan it, you cannot escape from the disadvantage of an inner court and all the objections this court brings with it. From the smallest apartment over on the east end to the most sumptuous apartments near the Arch de Triumph you will find the dining-room and some of the bedrooms with no windows except those which look out into this inner court.

I will acknowledge that, when I rented my apartment last year, I was badly taken in by my own sentimentality. I had been looking for a place to live, coming in almost every day from Saint-Cloud where I was passing the summer, and wandering about the streets in the heat, always hopeful but always disappointed. Up and down stairs I climbed, and up to dizzy heights in toy elevators just large enough to hold one person, or two perhaps if they were both equally lank. I looked at rooms and rooms and rooms, those that had no sun, those that were not in good looking houses, those that were on noisy streets, and those too far away from the center of town. High priced ones and others too cheap; with proprietors who wanted me to sign a lease for three years, and with landlords (since I was a foreigner) who wanted the signatures of a lot of people as a guarantee for the rent,—and how could I get that in a strange city? In certain of the houses there was a music teacher or a student of singing and elocution, and in others the "conciérge" looked impertinent and scared me off.

And so at last one day I came to this square. A short street with only one open end, lined on both sides with handsome buildings, and at the other end a grass plot set off with bushes and an ornamental statue giving a touch of poetry to the whole. An apartment was for rent in one of these buildings and I asked to see it. "First floor!" That sounds good. "Steam heat!" All the better. I look at it. It is small, but large enough for me. The rooms are well finished with white wainscoting and chair-rail, white stucco bas-relief in graceful design about the ceiling, a marble fire-place and mantel-piece surmounted by a large mirror with white frame. The whole aspect is extremely agreeable. The house is good and eminently respectable. The front room has a charming stone railing or balustrade across the window, hand high. I feel that to live behind that balustrade would be to live in a palace. And finally the bed room is in the court! This court is rather long and narrow, so long that one must lean out of the window to see the end of it. It seemed light and airy. It was summer and all of the people who occupy these other apartments were away. And in the court a cloistral silence reigned. It was cool and delightful.

I did not realize that the reason for this silence was the absence of the other tenants and their servants, that when they returned pandemonium would be let loose. I did not realize that the bed room was in the court merely as a result of an insurmountable architectural difficulty. I said to myself: "This is great!" (Had I realized at the time that I was going to quote myself in print at a later date I would have expressed myself more poetically.) But I didn't, and so I said to myself: "This is great!" It was evidently a day of small realization, yet I had the caution to make the stipulation in taking the apartment that I would bind myself for one year only. And in that long year I have congratulated myself many times upon that fact that I was only partially a fool, at least on that particular day.

The first disturbance began on the first morning

of our occupancy. At five a. m., or it might have been four, or perhaps six, there arose a most awful smashing and clashing of tin pans down in that court (with its "cloistral silence!") I got up and looked out of the window to see what the trouble might be. On the window ledge of the ground floor opposite the house cat was sitting up, evidently just awake, taking its first morning stretch. And just below my window two men were hustling the garbage cans, each one trying to outdo the other in making the most noise possible. Finally, they took a big can between them and hurried out as if their life depended on the utmost haste, their wooden shoes making an indescribable clatter on the stone paving. As they disappeared the cat jumped down to see if by chance any scraps had been left behind.

Now, there is nothing more truly romantic than wooden shoes! They are so truly rustic! We have nothing like them in our country. They suggest "the man with the hoe" and many other such poetic fancies. But at five o'clock in the morning! Still, even at this hour, it might not be so bad if it only happened once in a while. But the horrible idea came to me that this would be a daily occurrence;—and indeed so it has proved to be.

The next event, if I may call it so, was the arrival of a very small and very loud-voiced puppy which somebody shut up in a room or cellar at the far end of the court. This end of the court does not belong to our house but to the house next door, so that any complaint to our concierge or to our proprietor would be useless. And the police? For such things there are no laws and no police in France! Thus we had but to grin and bear it, and if we did not do the former we at least have managed to do the latter and have lived through it. A few nights later we were awakened about one a. m. by what seemed to be two persons having a quarrel. Nothing of the kind! Simply occupants down stairs who had, no doubt, been entertaining company and, finding the rooms too hot, had opened their windows. Like most persons in the excitement of social intercourse and perhaps heated by wine, they talked at the top of their voices. That lasted till three a. m. A few minutes later the dog again began his song, and then the garbage man went through his daily performance!

One by one the court's tenants came home from their summer outings and brought their servants with them, and then strange conversations began to be carried on. Jane on the fifth floor seemed to be the most intimate friend of Maggie on the first floor at the far end of the court. And they seemed to have a system of signals to tell each other when their families were out. And then the exchange of confidences began, at first softly, then louder and louder until it was a perfect howl. Then somebody objected, but do you think that had the desired effect of silence? Then you do not know the French character, for, as a result of that objection, we were submitted to an hour of recrimination until it seemed that everybody in our court was howling at everybody else. And so it goes.

But noise is not the only annoyance. Someone up stairs above our window has flowers which have to be watered daily, another has a rug or a carpet which it is necessary to beat with great vigor and great regularity, a third buys himself a phonograph and plays all the latest tunes from the most romantic of Italian and French operas, always sung by the most wobbly of falsetto tenors. Then, in the middle of this concert, the woman who has her piano placed with its back against our wall begins to play and, at times, to sing. Bang, bang, go the doors, down stairs and up, a hundred times a day, and we have just opened our windows to see what sort of a street singer it can possibly be who makes those indescribably doleful tones outside, when someone upstairs empties a dustpan out and the particles float gracefully in onto our floor.

Of course, none of these things is permitted. This is a most respectable house and the proprietors keep it in the strictest manner. But there are formalities to be attended to before any complaint gets through. A lot of red tape, letters to write, and other people to be consulted. And if the offending party finds out who has complained of him he takes good care to revenge himself, which is not difficult, so that it is sometimes, I may say, generally, better to bear little annoyances than to make yourself unpopular. And, after all, what are you going to do? The garbage man is a fixed institution and these French people do not mind him because they sleep with their windows tight shut and curtains drawn about their beds. And there are probably thirty apartments looking out on this court, and the offenses to your slumber at night or your peace by day are probably about equally divided among them all. So by the time you get done complaining about one of your neighbors another begins, and after a time you give it up as hopeless.

There is one relief and that is to move, and this relief I have sought. After a long hunt an apart-

ment has been found which appears to have none of these drawbacks. At least it has no court, and the front windows look out over the trees of the Bois de Boulogne. But I am not all too hopeful, for I will no doubt find that it is rather a mere change of masters than complete freedom. There will be annoyances possibly, probably! But they will be different. And perhaps, after all, I will, like a liberated slave, miss my chains!

Paris, Aug. 5, 1912. FRANK PATTERSON.

INTER POCULA MAEROR

[Comment on the recent abolition in Los Angeles of that most typical of our national institutions, the great American Free Lunch.]

Loud sounds in the halls of Silenus

Our moist and immediate moan:

"How long shall the cranks come between us

And the souls that we once called our own?"

How frail all our wisdom and wit is,

In conflict with temperance fads,

And the vote hunting greed of the city's

Unspeakable dads!

Have they wrung from the rampant saloon a

Dilute and diminishing flow?

Have the gentlemen pledged to Peruna

Put booze on the blacklist! Ah, no!

For the snares and the sins of the tankard

Still bubble and foam at its brink,

And the dissolute devils that drank hard

Continue to drink.

But resolved that a war on the "Wets" 'll

Promote their political bill.

They lead a crusade on the pretzel,

Their war cry is "Down with the Dill!"

Their acrid and arrogant eyeball

Is lighted for battle, and lo!

The fish ball is shent, but the highball

Continues to flow.

Farewell, ye delectable cheeses,

Sweet liver and bacon, farewell!

No more shall we canvass the breezes

For that succulent afternoon smell.

Still flows as the tide of a river

The water whose foam is as fire,

But ye—ye are vanished forever,

Hot dogs of desire!

Still fades in ineffable glory

The light bearer's westering car,

As singula acti amore

We pass to our favorite bar.

But we call in a voice heavy-hearted

For the cup that can save us or damn;

And we dream of the dear, but departed,

Hot biscuits and ham.

O, squadrons of purity, what 'll

Befall the perspicuous bunch

Who ever went light on the bottle,

But punished, per contra, the lunch?

Shall we cower in the cafetarara,

Or suffer the dog wagon's wurst,

Or quench at a luncheonless bar a

Continuous thirst?

A thirst that no sandwich assuages,

A craving for alcohol raw;

A drought to diminish whose rages

Necessitates food in one's maw.

Shall we soak at the sign of the Sinker,

While our friends shed a tear, saying, "See,

That man was a moderate drinker

When lunches were free!"

Nay, rather we'll drink that confusion

O'er take all fanatical souls

Whose hair in unbarbered profusion

Depends from their undersized polls.

That Freedom may shake off her fetters,

And parsons with cerebral kinks

May no longer impinge on their betters

Or fool with their drinks.

Not long shall they brandish their laurels,

These statesmen who cater for votes

By cramming such crapulous morals

Down well-behaved citizens' throats.

For reason soon renders invalid

Freak laws that fanatics subscribe,

Then back to your oven, ye pallid

Pecksniffian tribe!

ALGOL.

It is becoming apparent that the Sultan of Turkey has had enough and is seriously contemplating abdicating the throne. The Young Turks are after him and would have an old-fashioned Thanksgiving party.

By the Way



Chatty Letter From Will Woolwine

From Lucerne I am in receipt of a delightfully chatty letter from Will D. Woolwine, who, with Mrs. Woolwine and Miss Martha, is on a year's tour of the world. It gives so much information about well-known Angelans and Pasadenans that I know he will not mind if I let The Graphic readers enjoy it with me. The letter is dated August 1 and begins:

"We have been in this beautiful little city on the shores of the turquoise lake of the same name, surrounded by the green snow clad Alps, since July 13. I have been wonderfully impressed with the cleanliness of the cities and towns of Germany and Switzerland, and believe the absence of flies and mosquitos is due to this condition. Yesterday, our own and only Joe Sartori chartered a launch and took a party of Los Angelans for a day's outing. Besides himself his guests were Mrs. Sartori, their daughter Miss Juliette Boileau, Mrs. Kate S. Vosburg and her two sons Murray and Keith; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Staats and Miss Helen Staats and the Misses Watson, Mrs. Woolwine, our daughter Martha and our niece Mrs. Rosalie W. Miller of New York, and myself. We arrived at the Burgenstock Funiculaire (incline railway) at one o'clock and ascended to the hotel 3000 feet where we had a delightful luncheon, returning to the hotel at five o'clock, and in the evening all attended a ball where we met our Minister, Mr. Henry S. Boutelle, and his wife and daughter. We have met Los Angeles people everywhere we have been. There are here at this time Judge and Mrs. H. C. Gooding and their daughters, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wiggins left recently for Carlsbad for "the cure." The roads here have attained the highest perfection and reach places and heights which excite one's wonder and admiration. We have much to learn from the people of this Old World in the planting and care of shade trees along our residential streets at least, and I believe our soil and climate are adapted to the highest degree of perfection. Here, as in Paris, and elsewhere the trees are planted, trimmed and trained so as to form a perfect arbor along the sidewalks of the principal thoroughfares as well as the residential streets, and in addition to the comfort afforded the artistic effect is most striking. There are opportunities for boating and visiting the many mountain resorts all round the lake; we have music every afternoon and evening, and there is a ball at one of the hotels every other night to which visiting guests from all other hotels are invited. Two nights in the week there are fireworks and electric illumination of the boats on the lake, from one of which a powerful searchlight plays, and we have daily flights of an aeroplane by a German. My niece, Mrs. Miller, went up with him a day or two ago, making two circuits over the city and across the lake, and had the distinction to be the first woman who had ever taken passage in a flying machine in Switzerland. Since I began this letter Walter Raymond and his good wife came into this hotel and I have just finished a pleasant half hour's talk with them. They go to St. Moritz in the morning, but will return here for a longer stay. We will go from here to Interlaken and will be in Switzerland and the northern Italian lake country until September, then Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, whence we sail for New York and Los Angeles, the fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely."

Thirteen in a Compact

Representatives of the thirteen local dry goods and department stores, sponsors for the Fall Fashion Show, which is to open here about the middle of next month, will leave soon after Sept. 1 for San Francisco to attend the opening of the fall fashion show of that city Sept. 4. By carefully observing all the details of the northern exhibit the local merchants expect to gain a few ideas that may be utilized here. The firms backing the project include Bullocks, Robinsons, Blackstones, Villa de Paris, Jacobys, Broadway Department Store, Lanes, Hales, Fifth Street Store, Myer Siegels New York Store, Hamburgers and Coulters. The committee in charge of the San Francisco excursion is making a special effort to induce the heads of the various firms to go

north, and not to send subordinates, as was done by the majority of San Francisco enterprises, when a visiting delegation came south last year to attend the opening of the local fashion show. The trip north will be a flying one, as only a day and a night will be passed there.

John McKinney Absolved

I am genuinely relieved and gratified to note that John G. McKinney, as kindly-disposed and humane a man as I have the honor of calling friend, has been acquitted of the charge of manslaughter—the outcome of an altercation with a rancher near Dominguez aviation field last January. It was alleged that the farmer's death resulted from a blow from Mr. McKinney's automobile as he moved off the field, in response to the owner's demand, but heart failure, due to excessive excitement, undoubtedly was the real cause, and so the jury believed after a forty-two day trial. John McKinney would not willingly injure the meanest of animals to say nothing of striking a human being, and I rejoice that he is absolved from this charge which has preyed upon a system none too robust. His friends are delighted to extend their hearty congratulations.

Blessed with a Loyal Campaigner

Judge McCormick is fortunate in having a "bully" campaigner in his candidacy for re-election to the superior court, in his charming wife. Mrs. McCormick has been canvassing the district for several weeks, via automobile, calling in person upon every editor in the county urging the support of her talented husband for renomination at the primary election September 3. Both at The Graphic office and in my sanctum at Pasadena I have been honored by a call, although it really was not necessary to labor with me for, having supported the Judge on his initial campaign, I find added reason for doing so now. Judge McCormick has enlisted the aid of many influential friends in his campaign for re-election, but none more so than his unaffectedly loyal wife. I am sure that he has made as enviable a record at home as he has in the handling of the criminal business of his court room, where he has demonstrated his ability to temper justice with mercy in a remarkable manner. The defeat of able judges in the past because of overconfidence has not been ignored by Judge McCormick, who has issued a characteristic and dignified appeal for support, based upon his record only, as he believes in keeping the judiciary out of politics. The judge, however, has neglected to "boost" his claims to consideration from the fair sex, to which he is certainly entitled as he was one of the stalwart supporters of the woman suffrage amendment. I kiss my hand to his able coadjutor and fellow-campaigner and promise her husband every vote I can muster among my friends in his— and her—behalf.

College Boys to Stick Together

Renewed efforts are to be made this fall and winter among the progressive young college men of the city to prevent those days of yore, when football and French were the first interests, from becoming entirely obliterated from the minds of Los Angeles university graduates. The Stanford Club and the University of California Club plan to revive their monthly luncheons and jollification meetings, and expect large attendances, while the fraternities will further endeavor to keep the spirit alive with weekly gatherings around the festive boards at various local cafes. The Zeta Psi meet weekly at the Hollenbeck, which is the official headquarters of Mowatt and Standish Mitchell, perhaps two of the most prominent "Zetes" in the west, while the Chi Psi and Delta Upsilon have arranged for weekly "feeds" Tuesdays at the Bristol.

On Auto Honeymoons

Automobile honeymoons have become the rule rather than the exception among Southern Californians it would seem, judging by the large number of young couples who are enjoying their first weeks en motor this summer. One of the latest peripatetic pair to make the auto trip a component part of their honeymoon are Mr. and Mrs. Roy Benton of Imperial, California. Mrs. Benton was formerly Miss Lucile Henking, a society bud of San Diego, and the daughter of C. Fred Henking, a well known insurance and realty dealer there. She married Mr. Benton, a prosperous young cattle man of Imperial, several weeks ago, and they started for Honolulu. On their way through Los Angeles to San Francisco, they ordered a car, and it was awaiting them on their return from Hawaii this week. From here they motored to San Diego, and after a short stop there the last stretch of the honeymoon will be run off between San Diego and Imperial, where they expect to make their home. In the recent marriage of Shirley Meserve, son of E. A. Meserve, the well known lawyer and politician, Alvin Sumner, the best man, combined the duties of that post with those of chauffeur. Meserve married Miss Edith Porter, of

Alameda, in the northern city, and to Sumner fell the lot to take the car north, as the bridegroom was detained here by his law business until too late to motor up. After the wedding, however, the best man was sent home on the train, and the young couple started on a motoring trip through northern California to end with a run to Los Angeles, where they will settle down in their new bungalow.

Porter's Aggressive Successor

Fred Henderson, who was taken to San Francisco from Los Angeles about eighteen months ago from the Amalgamated Oil Company to become field manager of the Associated, has recently been promoted to be financial head of the big Southern Pacific petroleum annex, at a salary said to be \$25,000 a year. Henderson succeeds W. S. Porter, formerly of this city, who has been ordered to a sanitarium in Santa Barbara, it is stated, to recover from an attack of nervous prostration. It is complimentary to Henderson that as soon as his promotion became known, Associated scored a rise of more than a point here as well as in San Francisco. It is not forgotten that it was Fred Henderson, who when the Amalgamated Oil Company was head over ears in debt a few years ago, stopped dividends that should not have been paid at the time, and after a hard siege of several years, pulled the company out of its troubles, placed it on its feet, and left it with a surplus of cash and other assets that for a time caused financial San Francisco to sit up and take notice. It is believed that this performance may be repeated, which is responsible for Associated's recent strength.

New Road to Venice Projected

Another road to Venice that would also connect that city, Ocean Park and Santa Monica with Long Beach, is the plan that is being projected by local roads and motor enthusiasts, in order that the congestion on the Washington street route might be relieved. The new road would be a continuation of Vernon avenue, and would go in a straight line to the heart of Venice. Vernon avenue runs as far as the city limits of Los Angeles, and the remainder of the line, if extended, is on the level without obstacles of any sort. Vernon avenue also meets the Long Beach boulevard, and thus the two beaches would be connected and autoists could tour from one to the other without having to come into the heart of Los Angeles. The idea for a new road came to a party of local men while sailing in a balloon over the city. They saw that Vernon avenue could be continued right into the center of Venice, and noted the congestion of auto traffic on the present route. At that time it was not possible, because it would go through the part of the old Baldwin estate. Last week the purchase of this property by the Los Angeles Investment Company has made the plan feasible, as the investment company would only be too glad, it is believed, to have the road cut through as it would increase the value of its holdings materially. Advocates of the new road hope that city, county and the investment company will share the expense of the projected undertaking.

Wrestling to Supplant Pugilism

Devotees of wrestling from all parts of the country will turn their eyes toward Los Angeles this winter, as Southern California is to become the center of mat activities, and many tussles of national importance will be staged here, probably at the old Naud Junction pavilion of Uncle Tom McCarey. The movement to revive wrestling on the Pacific Coast is being backed by Frank Garbutt, so well known for his connection with the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and Harry Burns, who claims the title of world's champion bag puncher, and who is known locally in sporting circles as McCarey's general factotum. Both Garbutt and Burns have been prime wrestlers in their day, and are still keen followers of the sport. Garbutt will probably handle the amateur end of the situation, while Burns will devote his energies to staging professional matches for profit at Naud. One of the earlier amateur affairs will take place at the L. A. A. C. between Dan McLeon, wrestling instructor for the club, and Jack Donovan, who teaches the young idea how to grip at the Y. M. C. A. Among the bigger wrestlers who will appear here is Demetral, the Greek champion. Wrestling, it is believed, will eventually supplant in popularity pugilistic encounters.

Would Buy Many Free Lunches

Evidently, we are to vote after all on the free lunch question. It had been expected that the council would repeal the law, in view of the cost of a referendum and because of the large number of persons signing the petition in opposition, but the city fathers are of the opinion that the electorate must pass judgment. As was suspected, it has been revealed that certain saloon interests are responsible for the movement—into which they deftly drew the

well-meaning women of the W. C. T. U. When the facts were first made public it was thought the ordinance would be squelched, but the council declines to act and the treasury will have to yield about \$10,000 for a special election.

Cash to Come South

Within, possibly, less than a month, Los Angeles will be paid a matter of about eight and a half million dollars, the proceeds of the recent sale to the Bell interests of the Home Telephone Companies in San Francisco and vicinity. There is pending in San Francisco a law suit to prevent the absorption, and while this may delay the distribution of the assets, it is believed it will not be for long. Five separate and distinct corporations are directly interested, most of their shareholders being residents of Los Angeles and other cities in Southern California. While the proceeds of the sale are to be paid largely in the securities of the Bell Telephone Company, sufficient cash will be turned over to permit the different Home promotion companies to liquidate their indebtedness. The remainder of the payment will be in Sunset bonds, which may be taken over by a holding company on a cash basis, or may be distributed at once. The different companies affected are to decide in the coming week which course they will pursue. In any event, with this juicy melon to be cut, Los Angeles should soon have a quantity of ready funds for investment purposes. Local securities of merit should have a substantial market rise in the next few weeks, due to the supply being unequal to the demand.

Of Interest to the Craft

From New York I learn that several recent changes in the Associated Press service are of more than ordinary interest to Los Angeles. Charles E. Kloeber, who was imported as assistant publisher by John E. Elliott, when the latter was managing editor of the Tribune, now is news editor of the A. P., with headquarters in the metropolis. The place was created for him. Paul Cowles, for years superintendent in San Francisco, has been transferred from Atlanta to the central division in Chicago, the most important in the entire list. But Cowles continues to hanker for California, with the joys of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco and frequent trips to Los Angeles. E. A. Moore, for a long time in charge of the office here, went to New York as news editor, but has resigned to take up high class publicity work, and is said to be enjoying a handsome income.

Could Not Be Tempted

Although Los Angeles is one of the most important offices in the Associated Press service, the salaries are not commensurate, nor is there any indication of an increase. The principal position has for years paid \$40 a week, not an attractive sum, considering the responsibilities. Samuel G. Blythe likes to tell a story that is typical of the A. P. He was working up state in New York a few years ago, when Charles E. Diehl sent for him. An appointment was made for luncheon in New York, where Diehl, then assistant to Melville E. Stone of the Associated Press, asked Blythe to accept a position in charge of the New York state wire. "We realize that you are just the man for us," said Diehl, "and we are prepared to make it an object to you to change from your present moorings." At which information Blythe pricked up his ears, asking, "What do I get?" "Well, I'll tell you," said Diehl, earnestly. "The place pays \$25 a week, but as you are a valuable man, we'll raise it to \$35." Blythe's jaw dropped as he remarked that as his salary was \$75 a week, he saw no reason for the change. "But," insisted the latter, "just think—you'll be working for the Associated Press." But Samuel could not be tempted.

In Touch with Pomona

By Sept. 1, Los Angeles is to have railway service between here and Pomona. When the late John A. Muir and Col. Epes Randolph were considering trolley affairs in Southern California, in the early regime of H. E. Huntington, Pomona was among the first of Pacific Electric feeders that were planned. For various reasons the enterprise was delayed. When Paul Shoup was placed at the head of the Pacific Electric, the Pomona line again was taken in hand. Cars will leave every hour, until more trains become necessary. The present steam schedule is about three a day. The new conditions will reduce the fare, and will permit residents of Pomona reaching Sixth and Main streets in about an hour, with the last car leaving here daily after the theater.

Consolidated in a Bad Way

Stockholders of the California Consolidated Oil Company, the corporation organized by the late Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, are to meet in adjourned session in this city to-day, in order to rehabilitate that concern, if such a thing is possible. It is not believed, however, that a quorum will be present.

May 4 a similar meeting was to have been held, but few of the victims of this remarkably ill-fated promotion were on hand. The affairs of the company are in bad shape, and it is extremely doubtful if they can be cleared. As a matter of fact, a grand jury should have investigated the company long ago, so that at least a portion of the loot filched from stockholders might be turned back into the company's treasury.

Col. Cochrane Will Not Flinch

John S. McGroarty has succeeded in getting an investigation of alleged mismanagement of the Santa Monica Soldiers' Home. For several years rumor has accused conditions in that institution, but until McGroarty interested himself, there always was pull enough to prevent an inquiry. Now the senate committee on military affairs will name a sub-committee to visit the Home. Colonel Cochrane, who is in command, states that he will welcome a rigid inquiry.

Capital and Labor Commission

According to a Washington correspondent, what is known in that city as the Borah bill, is to pass before the adjournment of the two houses. The proposed act is a direct outcome of the McNamara trial in Los Angeles and provides for a national inquiry into the relations between capital and labor. A commission is to be appointed by the President to investigate all phases of the subject, with a view to evolving laws that shall end the conflict. The board is to report in three years. It is stated in all seriousness in the capital that President Taft will sign the bill and that among the members of the new commission will be General H. G. Otis.

New Inspector Needed

Building companies continue to be organized at the rate of at least one a week. For their own protection, several of the more prominent promoters of legitimate building corporations have begun a discussion of ways and means for inducing the state to regulate such institutions, in order to check the fakers who are absorbing the earnings of the poor. The next legislature is to be asked to solve what is considered a serious menace.

Mark Is Using His Sombrero

Members of the Arizona colony do not regard seriously the remarks of Senator Mark Smith, who fears that if the Apaches—former members of the Geronimo band now gathered near Fort Sill, Okla.—are permitted to return to the Mescalero reservation, there will be a renewal of hostilities. There are about three hundred of these aborigines left, and they have been clamoring for years to go back to the land of their fathers, but their request has always been refused by the war department as a matter of policy. As their lands have been given over to the white man for settlement, there is, of course, strong opposition to their being returned to the southwest.

Wooing the Women's Vote

Governor Hiram Johnson will be in Los Angeles Monday for the purpose of delivering the first of his series of campaign addresses in behalf of the Progressives. The governor spoke in San Francisco two weeks ago, but his speech was in the nature of a ratification rather than a campaign address. He will be here two days and will speak especially to the women of Southern California. Apparently, the Progressives are to make a strong effort to woo the women's vote.

Brief Visit From Teddy

Theodore Roosevelt is due in Los Angeles Sept. 16, coming by way of the Southern Pacific, and stopping enroute in Santa Barbara, where he will speak in the afternoon, addressing a meeting in this city the same night. From Los Angeles Col. Roosevelt will journey through Arizona, speaking at Maricopa, Phoenix, and Ash Fork. New Mexico will hear him, en route to Colorado. The list of notables who are to plead the cause of Governor Wilson and of President Taft has not been divulged, although I hear that Secretary of the Interior Walter A. Fisher may represent Taft.

Democrats Lack Coherence

At the primary election to be held one week from next Tuesday, Los Angeles will choose aspirants for congress, the legislature, and for minor county offices. As usual, while the Democrats have had an unusual opportunity to make a good showing, the party organization has frittered away its chances, and few of the voters know even the names of congressional candidates. Yet there are a score or more of patriots who have already selected the positions which they are convinced will be theirs for the asking with Woodrow Wilson's election as President of the United States.

STRAY THOUGHTS BY B. C. T.

I RECEIVED a letter a few days ago from Henry O'Melveny, enclosing a menu of the tavern known as the "Old Cheshire Cheese," one of the few remaining landmarks of "Old London," which, when I first visited the great city, forty-odd years ago, was rich in associations of the literary world. The "Cheshire Cheese," with its sanded floor and wooden benches, still remains where old Samuel Johnson used to go to obtain good luncheons and pewter mugs of musty ale. Lamb and Goldsmith were also regular patrons. But no city on the globe has changed like London, so far as its literary landmarks are concerned. New York and Los Angeles have wonderfully changed. New York has moved miles up town and Los Angeles has been transformed from an adobe pueblo into a skyscraper municipality. But neither New York nor Los Angeles ever had any conspicuous literary landmarks. "Ned Buntline," "Sylvanus Cobb," and Stephen C. Foster used occasionally to stray into New York fifty years ago in search of "jags," and the big newspapers were all on Nassau and Fulton streets. But no one could point out where Poe or Drake, "Fanny Fern" or Olive Logan lived or lounged or prepared any of their poems or other literary offerings.

* * *

Not so with London fifty years ago, for I have been shown and sat upon the old benches and got away with a mug of musty ale at the Cook Tavern and Cheshire Cheese and been shown where Ben Johnson and Samuel Johnson, Shakespeare and Bacon, Lamb and Goldsmith had their lodgings. I have also seen where Jack Sheppard served his apprenticeship as a carpenter and read his name carved by himself on a beam in the kitchen; but this spot a long time ago gave way to a pretentious structure. I have also seen the houses in which Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond," where Darwin wrote his "Origin of Species," where Fielding wrote "Tom Jones" and Smollett "Humphrey Clinker," where Carlyle wrote the "French Revolution" and Dickens "David Copperfield," and scores of other noted places, all of which have at last disappeared.

* * *

I think I gazed fervently on Scott's monument and his home in Edinburgh, a few years ago, especially when I called to mind that when Lowell was lying on his couch waiting for death and was visited by Holmes, and the latter asked his brother poet how he felt, Lowell replied that he had forgotten all his bodily pains for he was deep in "Rob Roy." This story is not only a testimony to Scott, but it is a testimony to literature as an anodyne. Tennyson, it may be observed, called on his death bed for "Cymbeline;" George Eliot while dying asked for "Imitations;" Artemus Ward for "Mrs. Partington," and Andrew Jackson for the Constitution of the United States, which he placed upon his heart and in a short time afterward died—the volume and the American flag being placed with him in his coffin at his own last request.

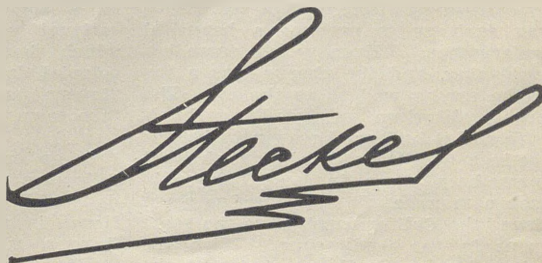
* * *

When at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1887, I passed a delicious hour dining at the same table, in the same hotel room, where Washington Irving had written his inimitable sketches on English life; again, in 1901, I sat at the same table and occupied the same room opposite the Alhambra, where Irving gave to the world his most fascinating book. In Toledo (Spain) I visited the apartment where Cervantes wrote one of the most charming as well as one of the most satirical novels ever presented, in which as Byron said, he "smiled Spain's chivalry away." But one of the loveliest and most impressive hours I ever passed was in 1889, in the old church and burying ground, a short distance from Windsor Castle, where Gray wrote his immortal "Elegy."

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes

Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements



AWARDED EIGHTEEN MEDALS

Studio and Art Gallery, 336½ S. Bdwy.

Special Exhibition of Oils Now on View

Music

By W. Francis Gates

Shades of Gilbert and Sullivan! How tempus does fugit. Just the other day we were experiencing the delights of the latest thing from England, the new opera, "Pinafore," whistling that delectable air, "I'm called little Gutter-pup"—no, Buttercup, that's it, for breakfast. About ten o'clock it would be "We sail the ocean blu-u-u-u-e." By noon we would be "Polishing up the handle of the big front door." Later in the day would come that sinister air, "Kind Captain, I've important informa-a-a-a-tion;" and when we went out with our best girl at night it would be, "Things are seldom what they seem." Those days surely were but yesterday, when we worked diligently to play the "Pinafore" score, with its complicated Wagnerian harmonies, on the old organ in the "parlor," between bouts with the "13-14-15" puzzle that was setting the public by the ears at that time. Of course, only yesterday, it must have been, for do we not all feel just as young as we did then? Don't run and shout so much, perhaps, but then the times demand more dignity, you know. What matters it if our knees do feel a bit wobbly after a climb to a sixth floor and we breathe just a bit quicker—they make steps higher now than they did then.

But we wake up, when we look at the date book of operas and find that "Pinafore" was written in '78 and "The Mikado" in '85. Surely there must be a mistake. It can't be more than a year or so since pretty Mamie Perry was singing Yum-Yum in the performance of the "Mikado" at Turner hall, surrounded by the local talent of the day. Alas, "figgers" won't lie, but newspaper men will figger, and said figgers tell us it was more than thirty years since "Pinafore" was barnstorming the country. Church choirs forsook their position to "Pinafore" it in one night stands; juvenile companies followed in their footsteps and every town had its own local "production." There has been nothing like it before or since, in the operatic history of England and America.

And now "Pinafore," "Mikado," "Patience" and the "Pirates of Penzance" are revived with casts such as they had in their heyday, mounted with effects that were unknown at that time, and sent on the road to a public to many of which they are new works. The W. A. Brady company, including Eugene Cowles, DeWolf Hopper, Arthur Cunningham, Arthur Aldridge, Kate Condon, Blanche Duffield and other principals, sang the above repertoire at the Majestic this week. The opening bill was "The Mikado," beautifully mounted. If the singers were not all great, the general excellence was such as to produce a beautiful performance. Even the comedian could sing, and the chorus was a joy to the ear as well as to the eye. The large auditorium was gladly enthusiastic and it had good reason to be, for not in a decade had real English light opera been given in Los Angeles in such a manner. It is about five years since "the Californians" gave the same opera in the Auditorium. With the cultured voices in the present cast, the unctuous humor of the ever-youthful DeWolf Hopper, the really young and good looking chorus, and the profuse mounting of "The Mikado," and of "Pinafore" which opened Tuesday

night, the week at the Majestic proved the popularity of these old-time favorites when properly "revived."

If we can have Dickens boiled down to a vaudeville sketch and Shakespeare re-worded to date, why would it not be a good idea to revamp the Gilbertean verse? Many of the hits in the text have lost their application in these days and at this distance from the English affairs which they satirized. But a writer as clever as Gilbert was who is in touch with political and social conditions of this day and country could renew much of the pristine popularity of the G. and S. operas with hits at modern foibles. He might do better than, "The Teddys that bloom in the spring, tra la, have nothing to do with the case," and "Things are seldom what they seem; Bilttaft's vetoes make one scream;" or "Cap Fredericks has important information, sing hey, the prosecutor that he are; about a certain Franklin situation, sing hey the lucky Darrow from afar."

Mme. Namara-Toye, the operatic and concert soprano, is in New York to fill engagements in various Newport homes before beginning her regular season in October. She will sing for Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Craig Biddle and other society women. Mrs. Toye formerly was Miss Banks, of Hollywood. She has seen Isidora Duncan, the dancer, recently in Sorrento, Italy. Miss Duncan is building a new theater in Paris, which will be a home of opera, the drama and the dance. Gluck and Mozart operas are to be put on when the house opens next year, and Mme. Namara-Toye will direct the rehearsals. Miss Duncan expects to have the assistance of Bernhard and Duse in staging several plays and, of course, will herself dance in many of the performances.

Mrs. Edward MacDowell sends me the program of the musical and dramatic festival taking place on the MacDowell memorial pageant stage at Peterborough, N. H., the latter half of this week. She writes, "You see I am up to my old tricks!" Which means she is laboring all her strength permits the more largely to establish her celebrated husband's memory and to help aspiring musicians through the MacDowell foundation, the root of which was his and Mrs. MacDowell's donation of their estate at Peterborough to this cause. Though in none too good health, Mrs. MacDowell is untiring in her efforts and the series of programs presented in former years and this season show how successful she has been in enlisting prominent talent of the eastern cities. Naturally, Boston and New York are most largely represented, though participants come from a wider field. It is a wonderful thing for so small a place to have such educational entertainments, a town in which there still clings the flavor of colonial days, where the hotel is the "tavern" and the musical headquarters "the town hall."

In an eastern musical paper is the following concerning a quondam resident of Los Angeles, who at least believes in publicity, of a kind: "Carl Lanzer, 'the American Paganini and California's veteran violin virtuoso,' has just issued an imposing looking circular in which he 'challenges all fiddlers to meet him in open combat at the next exposition.' Mr. Lanzer, continues the document, 'now steps

forward with violin under his arm and bow in hand and proposes a fiddling contest for the championship of the world. He challenges all comers and particularly Ysaye, Kreisler, Kubelik, Elman, Kocian and Sir Henry Heyman.' He's in dead earnest, and his hat is in the ring. Can't you just see them all preparing to rush to the contest. But stay! Why is Zimbalist omitted, and where do Maud Powell and Kathleen Parlow come in? Is Mr. Lanzer a trifle shaky over them?"

Recently, Mr. and Mrs. (Bartlett) Frankel, of Hollywood, entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gunster, of Birmingham, Ala. Mr. Gunster, it will be remembered, was a former tenor of prominence here. But he forsook the lyric stage for papa-in-law's business and is coining money in Southern commercial life. Wise boy, Frederick!

Lambardi announces that his company, no more "The Lambardi Company," but now the Pacific Coast Opera Company, will give "Salome" in San Francisco. Lambardi is headed this way; ergo, it is time for the city prosecutor and the public immoral commission to begin to read up on Oscar Wilde and Richard Strauss. But they won't find Wilde's text half so immoral as Strauss' music.

Last Tuesday night the Ellis Club resumed rehearsals under J. B. Poulin, who recently returned from a visit to the French provinces of Canada. The Ellis rehearsals will be held this season at Symphony hall, in Blanchard building. The chorus will be increased this season to a hundred voices, but it will need only a few to reach that number.

Miss Mary Chapman, who has been studying music in Germany for three years, is in Los Angeles on a visit. She and her sister, Mrs. McMillan, at one time were prominent musical amateurs in this city, and with their father, the late Judge Chapman, were seen at the leading musical events. In October Miss Chapman and her mother will return to Germany.

Last Monday night, the Orpheus Club resumed its rehearsals for the season. It, as well as the Ellis Club, has set its standard at 100 members and efforts will be made to extend the membership toward that number this season. This club is doing for the younger men what the Ellis Club has done in past years for the older ones, and its campaign for supporting members should be made easy, as each subscription carries with it several tickets to each concert the club gives.

In a recent number of Musical America is a picture of Harry Barnhart, in action. Mr. Barnhart was the organizer and director of the Apollo Club, which flourished until he left it. In this picture he is leading the singing of a large crowd in City Hall Park, New York, on the occasion of the Fourth of July exercises. The item accompanying it truthfully says, "Mr. Barnhart has a voice of tremendous power and a personality and magnetism which carry easily with great masses of people." It will be remembered by the early members of the Gamut Club that Mr. Barnhart was one of the four organizers of that club and was the host at its first dinner, held at the Hollenbeck hotel, in April, 1904.

In Musical America of August 3, recent compositions of Frederick Stevenson are reviewed at length and with a fine appreciation of their worth: "Those Days of Old," a serenade for solo, piano accompaniment and violin or cello obligato; the "Ninety and Nine," a musically setting of the favorite old words dedicated to Clifford Lott, "an American baritone who created a favorable impression in New York last season," and the "Salutation of the Dawn" for solo, with piano and cello or violin, also with string

quartet accompaniment. The latter is dedicated to Puccini. Mr. Stevenson tells me he does not know who the writer of the laudatory notice is, but the latter certainly knows who Mr. Stevenson is—as does any well informed American musician.

Would-be musical writers are driven to hard straits, these days of no concerts, and local musicians are pressed for words to use as pegs on which to hang an article. That is the reason Mrs. L. J. Selby is responding to telephone calls of her friends who seek advice as to dental plates and mastication. And all because she was lured into "a few remarks" by a wily newspaper woman. One item of the dental wisdom attributed to the popular contralto was, "One who has false teeth does not have perfect diction for the plate interferes with the action of the jaws and tongue. Health depends on perfect mastication; the voice depends on health" Q. E. D. To paraphrase Virgil, "Beware the newspaper-woman bearing clippings." Or your advertisement may be more dental than vocal.

Last Sunday afternoon, Mrs. J. G. Ogilvie invited a number of musical friends to her home, 1933 South Union avenue, to meet Calvin B. Cady, of New York, prominent as a musical pedagogue and writer.

Europe, Australia, Around the World

Several prominent Los Angelans are booked on foreign tours through D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust & Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

04033 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Aug. 8, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on October 5, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11470, Serial No. 04033, for N $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 27, W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of September, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Schumacher, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; Frank C. Prescott, Jr., of Los Angeles, Cal.; Edward Wickersham, of Los Angeles, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Corral Canon, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

0990 Not coal lands.
U. S. Land Office Los Angeles, Cal.,
Aug. 20, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Herman Hethke of Topanga, Cal., who, on August 26, 1908, made Homestead Entry, No. 0890, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 1st day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal.; John Heron, of Topanga, Cal.; Walter Stunt, of Calabasas, Cal.; George Persinger, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



By Everett C. Maxwell
EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.
Miscellaneous Collection—Steckel Gallery.

If the art loving public of Los Angeles has attempted to follow in detail even half of the various articles that have appeared in the several dailies in the last week concerning the Poster Exhibition held in Blanchard Gallery Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, I fear that unless they have personally informed themselves by a visit to the gallery the impression of just what the furore was all about is rather vague. When, two weeks ago, it was announced that the Retail Dry Goods Merchants' Association had offered five prizes ranging from one hundred down to fifteen dollars for the best designs for a poster submitted by a local artist, our keenest apprehensions were aroused. A contest of any kind is always interesting and often weird. It is a fundamental fact of human nature that when one force is set in conflict with another, the public sense is whetted to the utmost and the result is awaited with bated breath. That is why fifteen thousand men gathered at the Vernon Arena not many weeks gone by to see two human beings pound each other to pulp. That is what filled the amphitheaters of ancient Rome in the days of the gladiators and the age-old instinct of contest can be traced from the Olympic contests of the golden age of Pericles down to the modern football game on the college campus, or the Sunday picnic grounds of—shall we say, a more enlightened present?

An art contest, if it be a well-matched and open and above-board contest, is at all times worth watching, and those who, in the last week, have had the privilege of viewing the result of the poster contest under the direction of the Retail Dry Goods Merchants' Association as it was held at Blanchard Gallery, are, I am sure, more than gratified and were at once highly instructed and entertained. When the committee in charge of the United Fashion Show, which will be held the second week in September, conceived the novel idea of a poster contest, they little dreamed that it would reach the vast proportions of a great art gallery feature. In past years a capable advertising artist or a group of commercial designers was employed to execute a specified style of window card which was printed in color and used as an advertising announcement for the fashion display. A few of these designs were on exhibition in the gallery at this time and to say that they were scarcely up to standard would be a mild and charitable criticism on the part of a kind and discerning critic.

It was a happy thought, this poster-contest scheme, and I am sure that every artist who entered a design feels grateful for the opportunity regardless of the prizes or to whom they may fall and feels kindly toward the Association for soliciting their aid and co-operation in making the Fall Fashion Show of 1912 the best ever held in Los Angeles. Two hundred circular letters were sent broadcast to local art workers setting forth at length the conditions and stipulations governing the entries. Each artist was given an equal chance to succeed. His or her own artist perception and the ability to carry it into expression on paper was the one common vantage point and all that stood between the

artist and the prize was a jury whose duty it was to say "This poster pleases me best." The jury was composed of F. W. Blanchard, J. Bond Francisco, G. Fusenot, Leo Jacoby, and W. E. Chamberlain, and awarded first prize to Miss Grace Brainard, second prize to Miss Blanche Letcher, and third prize to Mrs. Alice M. Bromley.

Were this jury selected to pass upon a vast monumental work of art which would adorn our city for years to come we might deem it advisable to have a majority of competent artists, but considering the fact that an advertising poster is under discussion it is only right that our merchant princes should be in force. It would be no easy matter to select the best or even the fifth best drawing from among the one hundred and fourteen which covered the gallery walls from floor to ceiling and which embraced every style of art from pure poster design to cartoons for vast decorations and included every medium known to the craft from oil to plaster. On the other hand, however, it was not to be such a laborious task for the worthy judges to render a fair decision if they but bore in mind that the committee asked for posters pure and simple, for, as a matter of fact, there were only eight or ten real posters in the whole collection. If the near-posters, fashion plates, book illustrations, magazine covers, mural schemes and purely pictorial renderings were all eliminated there would be less than a dozen left to choose from. A poster is not a picture except in line and even line is not essential to good poster style, as Coles Phillips has demonstrated. A poster is a pictorial contradiction in every particular. It must fly in the face of all the rules and by-laws of landscape and figure painting. It may have definite purpose and idea, but both of these elements must be disguised in conventional line and color that only the outward form is considered.

The psychology of a poster is that of a theatrical mask placed over the actor's features in order to disguise his face and make his act serve only to convey an abstract truth. The genuine poster is an idea in caricature and line, or the feeling of line, and color are the only two fundamentals of art that are needed or desired. With these we may produce composition, which is the key-note of a good poster. Composition gone mad perhaps, but composition just the same and the success or failure of a poster depends solely upon the composition and the balance or spotting of color. A poster need not have distance, perspective, or values, and the best and purest type of poster to which I can refer my readers is to be found in the art of the ancient Egyptians.

It was not my original intention at this time to enter in to a lengthy or even a detailed account of this varied collection of work, but in view of the fact that many of our best-known painters were here represented and that the exhibition was the most largely attended of any ever held in Los Angeles, bar none, it seems highly fitting that a word of review should be passed upon at least a few of the best offerings. In selecting the designs for discussion I will confine myself alone to the pure poster style in every case, but will mention the most meritorious works that came under my eye.

Mr. Merwin E. Barden sent a true

poster design showing two girls and a greyhound standing beneath a dropping palm tree. In the background are a series of mission arches. The colors used are blue, red, and green, all applied freely, but if anything, a trifle too heavily. Josephine Gibbons' one offering, a beautiful girl in a black and white gown, furs, and picture hat, while far from a poster is particularly well drawn and beautifully painted in oil colors of harmonious tones. Mrs. A. Merrill sent a charming little fashion plate of a chic maiden in a gray tailored suit. Hydrangia bushes are introduced in a clever manner and add much to the decorative value of the design. A good poster was that of John L. Coolidge, simple in design and effective in its flat tones of blues and browns. A beautifully gowned woman with hat and muff descending a flight of marble stairs constituted the design of Florence Welch's dainty offering and a dashing autumn girl in brown with a decorative California background came from H. H. Villa's workshop.

Frederick Brisley's poster was notable for its fine execution, clean color, and dextrous handling. It represented three girls in a poppy field. This is a fine piece of work, but owing to the filmy attire of the figures it suggests spring rather than autumn. Margaret Taylor submitted a portrait of a beautiful young girl in elaborate gown and hat and F. C. Shrighteffe a typical poster in gray, black, and white which would make an ideal cover design for a style book or poster for the coming polo tournament. Alice M. Bromley was represented by two lead pencil drawings of great merit and J. F. Korber sent a well-worked poster showing a girl leading a bulldog. Karl Yens missed the poster idea in both of his clever offerings. "The Nations at Fashion's Shrine" is a color figure study of great artistic value. It would make a rare mural decoration or a theatre curtain. Mr. Yens also showed a charcoal and chalk drawing of a young woman half concealed behind a portiere. This is a picture worthy of an art salon. Oscar M. Bryn was in a class almost alone. His two handsome posters were unquestionably the most professional of any shown and while a trifle too subtle for advertising cartons deserved the jury's most thoughtful consideration. Bertha Corbett Melcher was represented by an oil which was excellent for its pure poster style while Helena Dunlap's two pastel designs were the best types of real French poster art in the entire collection.

Katherine Frederick's girl and parasol was notable for its brilliant color and the pastel studies of fair women by Blanche Letcher were entirely out of place in the poster show. Miss Letcher is an artist in the best sense of the word. Her work is full of feeling and is modeled with deep understanding. "The Lady and the Peacock" by J. Frank Derby was brilliant in effect as was also the exquisite outing girl by James F. Rudy. Mr. Rudy's work suggested a stained glass window and was notable for its qualities of tone and grace of line.

Marguerite Spalding's poster was among the very best. It is fine in line and color and is full of dash and verve. J. G. Hyde should draw for Jugend. His women in tailored habit and red hat would surely make a fine color design for this bizarre publication. One of the real gems of the collection was the peacock lady by W. E. Bemis. While utterly unsuitable for attracting the eye of the hurrying pedestrian it should win the judges' approval for its grace of line, originality, and its decided art merits. W. E. Groniger was well represented with an oil that ought to find a place on the cover of a first-class magazine, while Lillian Drain, Marian Holden Pope, Marian Pike, and Martin Jackson were represented by colorful figure studies. Henri deKruif and Gustave Recke deserve special mention

for their well executed posters as do also Grace Brainard and Otis Williams. The exhibit was a difficult one to hang and the highly successful arrangement of the various sized mounts was due to the artistic ability of Mr. Dick Morgan, chairman of the hanging committee. Those who assisted in hanging were Lillian Drain, Joseph Greenbaum, Helen Munselle, and Otis Williams.

August number of "International Studio" opens with a review of the Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Western Artists by Bruce Haswell. This is followed by Achille Segard's appreciation of "Lucien Simon: a French Painter". Henri Frantz discriminates between "The Old and the New Salons in Paris". J. Quigley treats of the work of "Leandro Ramon Garrido". Arthur Alexander Stroughton reports "The Fourth Annual Conference on City Planning". "The Royal Academy 1912", "Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture", "Studio Talk", Review and Notices", "The Lay Figure", and "A Note on Some New Paintings by Maxfield Parish" complete the issue.

Xarifa Hamilton Towner has returned from a six weeks' stay at Laguna, where she made a number of sketches. Miss Towner has purchased a lot on the cliffs and will build a bungalow studio in the autumn.

Summer Time Comfort



depends largely upon freedom from the small petty annoyances of daily life. Simplify the problem of existence by using

THE HOMEPHONE

Its Automatic mechanism will put you in instant touch with your party, render eavesdropping and interruption impossible, and put you in touch with the outside world.

CONTRACT DEPARTMENT F-98

Home Telephone and Telegraph Co.

716 So. Olive St.

P. J. BACHMANN

FINE ARTS

High Grade Picture Framing

1306 S. Figueroa St. Los Angeles

W.W. MINES & CO.
REAL ESTATE

PHONES:

Home
69478;
Main
2875

W. W. MINES & CO.
REAL ESTATE

4th Floor Realty Board Bldg.
631 S. Spring Street

Social & Personal

Mrs. L. N. Brunswig of West Adams street was hostess Friday evening at a box party at the Majestic, given in honor of the Misses Ramsay, daughters of Mrs. William E. Ramsay, with Miss Elaine Pujo present as special guest. After the theater supper was served at the Alexandria. Mrs. Brunswig returned the first part of the week from Catalina, where she has been visiting Mrs. Hancock Banning.

Monday evening Mr. Vancourt Wann complimented the Misses Katharine and Marjory Ramsay with a box party at the Majestic, followed by supper at the Wann home on West Twenty-eighth street. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ramsay, who are visiting here from Houston, Texas, chaperoned the young people. Those who enjoyed the occasion were Miss Jennie Bulkley, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Elaine Pujo of Louisiana, who is the house guest of the Ramsay girls. Mr. Maynard McFie, Mr. Jack MacFarlane, Mr. Byer and Mr. Groves.

Miss Ruth Westgate of Chicago, who has been visiting Miss Ula May Hammers of La Salle avenue, left this week for the east.

Mrs. Horace B. Wing of 1017 Elden avenue and her daughter, Miss Margaret Wing, are on their way to Washington, to complete arrangements for Miss Wing's marriage to Mr. Maurice Healy, which takes place in September at the home of Mrs. Wing's cousins, the Hon. and Mrs. James Harlan of Essex, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles Modini Wood of St. James Park and her daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Florence Wood, have returned from Avalon, where they passed several weeks. Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Wood entertained with a box party at the Majestic, followed by supper at Hotel Alexandria. Guests were the Misses Wood, Miss Juliet Borden, Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Mr. Morgan Adams, Mr. Jay Clark, Mr. Henry Daly and Mr. Nat Head.

Wednesday afternoon Miss Nita German, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. German, entertained with a tea at Hotel Alexandria for the girls who will form her bridal party when she becomes the bride of Mr. George Muddock, Jr., in November. Pink asters and satin ribbons formed the table decorations and guests were Miss Olive Preston, Miss Florence Brown, Miss Florence Bowden, Miss Helen Brant and Miss Mamie Maier.

About thirty members of the younger set of the San Gabriel Country Club enjoyed a picnic at Michillinda Friday evening, the trip being made by motor.

Miss Olive Trask, daughter of Mrs. Wayland Trask of St. Andrews boulevard, is to be one of the fall brides, the fortunate man being Mr. Allan Leonard of Portland, Ore. Mrs. Trask and her daughter have been at Ocean Park all summer, but will return the last of the month. Miss Trask made her formal debut into society last May, at a brilliant affair given by her mother.

Mrs. R. B. Williamson and Mrs. H. K. Williamson of Park View avenue entertained Wednesday evening in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Garretson of Hollywood, who recently returned from a trip around the world.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of 2244 West Twenty-fourth street entertained Tuesday with an informal luncheon in honor of Miss Juliet Borden, who is to be one of the season's brides. The affair took place at Hotel Alexandria, and only the most intimate girl friends of the honoree were hidden. Wednesday

morning Mr. and Mrs. Morgan left for the north. They will visit their son, Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., in San Francisco, and then will proceed to Victoria, B. C., and other points of interest.

Los Angeles arrivals at Hotel del Coronado—which is enjoying an unusually good season—include Mr. H. H. McPhee, Mr. Harrison Albright, Mr. D. A. Pasamore, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Rogers, Mrs. Gill, Mrs. Ingham, Mr. W. M. Lane, Mr. M. H. Hawkins, Mr. M. H. Masterson, Mrs. C. F. Andrews, Miss Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Kilner, Mr. C. R. Root, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Sedam and son, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Taylor, and family, Mrs. George F. Gitty, Mr. C. O. Whittemore, Miss Whittemore, Miss Leigh Whittemore, Mrs. J. E. McAllister, Mr. John Reynolds, and Mrs. A. W. Coote.

Leaving Sept. 17 on an extended tour of the world is a party composed of Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. James Newhill, Dr. T. C. Hardy, Dr. Clara B. Hardy, Mr. William Patterson, and Mrs. Mamie Wilson. Mr. Holdridge O. Collins, Miss Constance Collins, Miss Gladys Rowley, Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Scott, and Mrs. Alex Davidson will leave Sept. 16 for a similar tour, both parties booking under the auspices of Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager of the steamship department of the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank.

Mrs. S. S. Salisbury and Miss Helen Salisbury leave for San Francisco the coming week, en route for a tour around the world. In their absence Dr. Salisbury will be at home at the Hershey Arms.

Mrs. Joseph A. Wannop and daughter of South Beacon street, and Mrs. S. E. Maynard are at Lake Tahoe for August.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Miller, Miss Phila Miller, Miss Carita Miller, Mr. John B. Miller, Jr., and Masters Edgar and Morris Miller are at Santa Barbara for a stay of several weeks.

Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil and Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Smith are enjoying a motoring trip through the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell of South Figueroa street are at Santa Barbara for a short stay enroute to the golf tournament at Del Monte.

Mrs. Richard G. Brady of Tucson, Arizona, who has been the house guest of her mother, Mrs. C. Perkins Trantum, has left for the north. On her return to this city next month, her mother will give a reception in her honor at Hotel Alexandria.

Mrs. C. H. Whitman of 1100 Mission road has gone east for a visit with her brother, Judge John S. Goodwin of Chicago.

Mrs. J. H. Seymour and her daughter Miss Dorothy Seymour of West Adams street are visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton of this city are visiting Mrs. Sutton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson of Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. James Keeney, who have been passing the summer at Avalon, have returned to this city and are at Hotel Pepper.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester L. Whitnah and their daughters, Miss Mildred and Miss Dorothea, leave next week for a trip through the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Cheney of

J. W. Robinson Co.

Broadway and Third

Muslin Underwear Department

ONE-THIRD REDUCTION. Distinctive Lingerie: Our own Importation, of French and Madeira hand-made Undergarments, attractively priced. This beautiful collection includes Gowns, Combinations, Chemises, Corset Covers, Drawers, Negliges and Short Kimonos.

\$1.25 values at 85c
\$1.50 values at\$1.00
\$2.00 values at\$1.35
Running in values as high as \$50.00 at\$33.35

Main Floor, Annex

20th Century Toilet Preparations

A few of the preparations for the care of the skin.

20th Century Bleach Cream. It is antiseptic and healing. 1-oz. box for \$1.00.

20th Century Princess Freckle Cream. This Cream is especially prepared. 1-oz. box for 50c.

20th Century Princess Beauty Cream. Excellent for protecting the skin. 1-oz. box for 50c.

20th Century Massage Cream. Compound of Pine ingredients. Skin nourisher. 50c and \$1 sizes.

20th Century Liquid Powder. Beautifier for hands, arms, face and neck. 4 ounces for 50c.

20th Century Face Powder; will agree with the most delicate of skins. 50c box.

20th Century Rouge Powder. 25c box.

20th Century Tinting Cream, for coloring lips, cheeks or nails, 25c box.

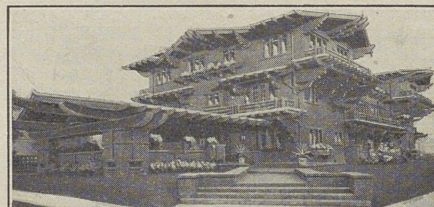
20th Century Almond Whitener. It softens and whitens the skin. Fine for shaving. 25c tube.

20th Century Nail Polish, for brilliant polish of nails. 25c box.

20th Century Persperine, refreshing and soothing medicated Powder. 25c box.

CHAMOUNY APARTMENTS

COR. W. 11th AND GRAND VIEW STS.



Most Attractive and Homelike Apartments in the city—

Private tennis court and garage. Reasonable rates.

12 minutes from town.

(W. 11th St. car.)

Phones: 55203, or Wilshire 1958

VILLE DE PARIS
317-325 312-322
SO BROADWAY SO HILL STREET
A. FUSENOT CO.

White Doeskin
Washable
Gloves

—guaranteed to wash; impervious to perspiration. Look like suede; will wear equal to chamois. Suitable for now. Three lengths.

Short at \$1.50 Pair
12 - button \$2.50 Pair
16 - button \$3.00 Pair

Berkeley Square will join the group of Los Angelans at the Del Monte golf tournament. They plan to motor up and will pass several weeks jaunting through the north.

Newcomb's 531
CORSET SHOP 533
SOUTH BROADWAY

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
09962 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 23, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Albert William Marsh, of Temple Block, Los Angeles, California, who, on January 9, 1905, made Homestead Entry, 10735, No. 09962 (P. C. No. 6117), for Lots 2, 3 and 4, Section 19, and Lot 4, Section 20, Township 1S, Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, as amended from Lot 1, Sec. 18, Lots 1, 2 and 3, Sec. 19, and Lot 4, Sec. 20, T. 1 R. 20 W. has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 5th day of September, 1912. Claimant names as witnesses:

John U. Henry, of Santa Monica, California; Frank Siert, of Santa Monica, California; J. R. Sheckles, of Santa Monica, California; David D. Parten, of Los Angeles.

FRANK BUREN, Register

The GRAPHIC



MRS. WALTER SCHMAHL
Who is guest of her mother, Mrs. W. J. Broderick
[Photo by Matzene]

day and he evidently is starting a new fad. A dark blue suit with a white stripe was nothing unusual, but king's blue socks with a white line are a decided novelty.

I hear that the young man of whom I told you has about completed his two years' probation and upon the return of the young woman from the east, whither she has gone to meet her sister, an announcement may be expected. He certainly deserves it for he has kept his side of the agreement to the letter.

The air is filled with rumored engagements. I am pledged to secrecy so dare not tell them, but I hope to be released from my promise by the end of the month. I hate to have them tell me a story and in the next breath say, Now don't tell that to Marie yet. Hereafter, I am going to refuse to withhold any news from you even for a day.

With the coming of hot weather there is a general influx from the south and southwest. Mrs. Mark B. Lewis usually passes the summer with her parents the Howells. It seems but such a short time ago when as Mildred Howell she was the acknowledged beauty of Southern California. Her brother, Le Grand, at that time was a popular member of what was known as the Fudlemitz crowd. Earl Anthony, Roy Hillman, Clark Briggs and Kaye Crawford were the boys, and the girls were Belle Coulter Posey, Frances Coulter McReynolds, "Tia" Moore Selby, "Daisy" Moore, Pansy Whitaker, Virginia Dryden Robinson, "Bob" Carhart Williams and others whom I fail at this moment to recall.

Marie, I wish you would drop in at Tiffany's and see if you cannot find something original for wedding presents. I know I'll be broke before the season is over, but I do want to be original and not give any of the girls something that is a duplicate. Mother suggested that I embroider each girl a half a dozen towels, but that does not appeal to me at all. Something original in the way of silver is what I want and you are the one to find it for me.

I notice in the eastern magazines that patent leather belts of all widths are being used with summer dresses. This fad has not reached us this far so you had better send me two.

So Mrs. Oelrichs has indorsed the separate waist and skirt. This does not surprise me because when she was here she created quite a



MRS. MARK B. LEWIS
Formerly Miss Mildred Howell, now visiting here
[Photo by Matzene]

furor by advocating the going without gloves in the summer time. Said it was more comfortable not to use them. Well "Tessie" Oelrichs can do many things which would not be countenanced if done by any one else. Society here is very conservative. We all do about the same things in about the same way as they are done in other places. I am glad to say we haven't a Mrs. Jack Gardner or an Eleanor Sears in local society.

The season does not really begin here until about October 1. I hear that there are more than a thousand invitations to the church for the Seeley-Bayly wedding. You recall that I told you it was to take place at St. John's Episcopal the evening of September 9, followed by a dance at the Ebell Club house for the young folks. Who the next bride will be is the question.

I met Emma Conroy at the beach last week. Have seen very little of her since her father's death, but hope to see more of her this fall. She is such a jolly girl, every one loves her.

The crowd is still at Avalon and from all accounts will remain throughout August. Santa Barbara has drawn quite a few of our local people, but the majority of the visitors at the Channel city are from San Francisco. The inhabitants have the habit of referring to the town as the Newport of the west. If they include Montecito as part of Santa Barbara it may be so, as there are more millionaires in the suburbs of that little place than there are in any city in California. And the homes are so beautiful—houses situated in natural parks and canyons with very little cultivated beauty. This is so noticeable in California that it attracts attention. For myself, the Palisades at Santa Monica is the ideal summer home. It would remind you of Newport more than any resort here.

O, if we only had your rivers and brooks, this place would be heavenly. It is the only thing we haven't. Climate, flowers, and scenic views, but with the exception of the ocean only water that is piped. But I guess it is well that we are lacking something, for it is not good that we should have everything.

I am undecided what I shall do this week. The crowd wants to motor to San Diego by way of Riverside, returning by the coast route, but to be truthful I am tired of motoring. I think I'll just stay home and rest for two weeks.

Sister and I have a great scheme. We are going to take car rides every day, going to the end of a new line each trip. The reason for this is that the town is growing so fast that we really do not know our own city. I think it will be great fun. We are going to pretend we are "tourists" and ask all kinds of questions, so maybe you will be burdened with a description of our car rides in my next letter.

Miss Marie Livingstone,
Atlantic City, N. J.

BESS.



MISS MARGARET GAFFEY
One of the season's most charming debutantes
[Photo by Matzene]

Dear Marie: You asked what was the most popular diversion of Southern California. It is so obvious that it is easy to answer—Motoring. Everybody motors; the butcher, the baker, the banker, the society man—all motor. No city in the world boasts so many machines in proportion to population as Los Angeles. The main reason is the level country and the situation of the city itself. Eighteen miles inland and almost the same distance from the mountains, with roads extending in every direction, the "city of the Angels" often is referred to as the "hub city of the West."

Sunday, every road is crowded, a majority of the motorists heading for the different beaches. The favorite road for society is Wilshire boulevard as that leads past the ever popular Country Club and is the shortest way to the "Crags," the most exclusive club of the southwest. One of the requisites of this club is that you must own a car as that is the only way you can reach the objective point. A trip across the continent is not unusual for a member of Los Angeles society. Last year the ever popular Col. Will Garland with three friends started to race Dr. Edwin Janss overland. An accident to the latter's machine eliminated the racing feature, but the energetic Colonel completed the trip, joining Mrs. Garland in Maine.

Among the younger women the electric is the most popular type. Mrs. W. W. Mines, Ada Seeley, Clarisse Stevens, Sallie McFarland, Mrs. Guy Barham, Mrs. Pierce Davis are all expert with the noiseless cars. Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Longstreet, Mrs. Cameron E. Thom, Mrs. Chas. Modini Wood and Miss Marian Winston prefer the large enclosed cars.

You often see Mrs. Rhea Smith in the runabout with the doctor and the same may be said of Mrs. Guy Cochran. This week I saw Mrs. Earl awaiting her husband and her car held all the little Earls. In this country the machine is almost a necessity to the society woman. She can send the children to the beach or the country for the day and her mind is at rest.

Mrs. Walter Schmahl who has but recently returned from Arizona, is often seen on Figueroa street managing her mother's car; her sister, Anita Broderick resigning in her favor for the time being.

For the younger set a popular trip is to La Rambla, San Pedro. It is just an hour's ride and Margaret Gaffey is so pleased to see any of the crowd that hardly a week passes that there are not two or three parties to this attractive home. Margaret is entertaining her cousins the St. John girls of San Francisco at present. In the opposite direction an ever popular hostess glad to welcome any one who cares to motor out is Marian Winston who is living at the old Bradbury place at Duarte. Marian is visiting her aunt, Miss Bradbury.

O, Marie, I met Charlie Seyler in the street to-

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Although temporarily bereft of a leading man, the Belasco company is bearing up nobly this week in a fast and furious presentation of Rida Johnson Young's laugh-maker, "The Lottery Man." Harry Mestayer has the role of Jack Wright, who gives his paper a good story, and incidentally, plans to line his own pockets, by putting himself up as a matrimonial prize in a lottery—coupons to cost one dollar each. The affair is a huge success—the circulation of the paper goes up by bounds, and the coupon money pours in. Meantime, Jack falls in love with his chum's cousin, Helen, and when the drawing comes off and a faded old spinster draws the lucky number, affairs look dismal, only to be straightened out at the final curtain. There is a great deal of clean, broad humor in the comedy, and the Belasco company extracts it all. Mestayer scores a personal success as Jack, and Robert Ober comes second as young Foxy Peyton.

specialty dances. Mrs. Louis James heads the newcomers with a flippant little playlet entitled "Holding a Husband," concerning the triangle—the man, the wife and the other woman, which provides several entertaining moments. Mrs. James is evidently trading on her name, for her work is not marked by any great skill, nor is her company of any assistance, Elwood Bostwick playing the role of the husband with a plethora of comedy tricks that take away the fun of the character. Lew Sully, the minstrel man, who is always welcome with Orpheum audiences, has a good line of patter and a popular song or two which he gets over to good advantage, and the Robert DeMont trio offer the usual line of acrobatics—of which vaudevillians are growing exceedingly weary. There is a tabloid musical comedy that has not the shadow of an excuse for its existence, save, perhaps, the comedy work of Ralph Lynn, who plays a "silly ass" Englishman with clever caricature, but

ever emanating from Mr. Broadhurst's pen. It is the story of a young girl, a telephone operator in a hotel, who meets Robert Stafford, a millionaire man-about-town who offers her his name and fortune. She accepts and for a time things go smoothly with her and her people, whom she has rescued from poverty. Then, when the blush of romance has faded, Stafford begins again to drink heavily, and while in a drunken condition heaps indignities on his wife—finally in a rage declaring that she belongs to him as a chattel, since he bought and paid for her. She refuses to forfeit her self respect and leaves him. Finally, through the efforts of her brother-in-law they are brought together again, to make a new start. There is a great deal of comedy in the play, despite the seriousness of its theme. In the cast are Julia Dean, Charles Richman, Agnes De Lane, Frank Craven, Allen Atwell, John Cromwell, Mari Hardi and several others, all of whom will be seen in their original roles.

Monday night will mark an event of unusual importance at the Belasco, when Edythe Chapman will return to the stage in Henri Bernstein's great drama, "Israel." It has been several years since Miss Chapman was seen here in vaudeville, and a number of years since she was one of the stock company favorites, but she still holds her following, and many requests have been received for her reappearance. "Israel" the play chosen for Miss Chapman's appearance with the Belasco company, is by the author of "The Thief," which is considered one of the biggest pieces of dramatic craftsmanship in modern play writing, but "Israel" is said to rank even higher than his other efforts. The story has to do with Thibault, Prince of Clar, a hater of Jews and things Hebrew. He tries to force the resignation from his club of Justin Gutlieb, a distinguished Jewish banker, and insults the old man, so that a duel is arranged. Then Thibault discovers that he is the son of Gutlieb—which is an intensely dramatic denouement. Miss Chapman will be pre-eminent in the part of Thibault's mother; Thomas MacLarnie will be seen to unusual advantage as Gutlieb, Harry Mestayer will play Thibault, and Muriel Starr and others of the Belasco company will be cast to exceptional advantage.

Paul Armstrong's play of the underworld, "The Deep Purple," continues to be an exceedingly strong drawing card at the Burbank, and the management has been forced to continue it for a fourth week—which will positively be the last, however. All Burbank records have been smashed by the attendance in the last three weeks. Mr. Bennett is always a favorite with Burbank audiences, and when he is seen in a play so well liked, he might go on like the brook, "forever and ever." Immediately after the fourth week of "The Deep Purple," Mr. Bennett, by popular request, will be seen in his notable creation in "Pierre of the Plains," for one week only. Following that the Burbank company will offer for the first time on any stage, Hartley Manners' new play, "The Money Moon."

Another of those big attractions which have been such drawing cards at the Orpheum is the announcement of the opening, August 26, of the engagement of Madame Bertha Kalich, who will appear in "A Light from St. Agnes." Madame Kalich is considered one of the greatest emotional actresses on the stage, and has achieved fame for the power of her delineations in New York, where she began as a Yiddish player. This is her first appearance in this city. It is promised that her company will offer the best of support and that the production will be in line with those others which have blessed us of late. Among other newcomers are Chick Sale, who brings his country school, in which by deft changes of attire and characterization he portrays



MME. BERTHA KALICH, AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

Feminine honors are captured by Fanny Yantis, whose picture of Lizzie, the scrawny spinster, sends the house into hysterics of appreciative laughter. Florence Oberle is not the gray dove of a mother the playwright pictured—she is too well dressed, too "smart," Muriel Starr is a sweetly youthful Helen Hyer. She apparently makes no effort to raise the role into prominence, giving it only the natural qualities of her personality. The scenic environment is not of the best—the drawing-room of the Peyton home looking like the parlor of a boarding house, and owing to the ill construction of an elevator that bears no resemblance to a "lift," several of the best moments of the play were entirely spoiled the opening night—the final curtain being an anti-climax of the worst sort.

Orpheum Bill in Midsummer

Holdovers provide the best entertainment on this week's Orpheum bill, with David Belasco's "Drums of Oude," stirring and intense, if at times inconsistent, and Sealby and Duclous in their

almost destroys the good effect by singing in a lisping voice. Marguerite Haney, who stars in the offering, is not worthy of serious consideration, save in her dancing, which is the personification of grace. But she wears gowns that are atrocious, she talks in a baby voice that is irritating, and her affectation robs her singing of any vestige of charm. Male quartettes are oases in the desert to vaudevillians, and the Empire Comedy Four is an especial favorite. Their musical offerings are good, and their "funny work" while familiar, still brings forth giggles. The Four Florimonds give an unusually skillful display of juggling while balancing deftly on free ladders, and the motion pictures are of their expected excellence.

Offerings for Next Week

George Broadhurst's widely successful drama, "Bought and Paid for," will open at the Majestic theater Sunday night, with the original cast, headed by Charles Richman and Julia Dean. This play has been voted the strongest



YOU are invited to call and inspect our new showing of

Fall and Winter Tailored Suits

Styles are here that proclaim the master tailor's work. Exclusive models priced from \$25.00 to \$65.00.

N. B. Blackstone Co.

318-320-322 South Broadway

young and old in a village emporium of learning. His people are all taken from life. Lydia Nelson, an English danseuse with a quartette of clever steppers, brings an original and diverting dancing act, and Pauline Moran is a singing comedienne, with an attractive personality and clever ditties. Holdovers are Mrs. Louis James and company in "Holding a Husband," Marguerite Haney and Ralph Lynn in "The Leading Lady," Lew Sully, and the Four Florimonds, while there will be new motion pictures, and an excellent orchestral program.

Grand opera will again headline the cabaret show at Brink's next week, with a change in the principals, however. The headliner is a team composed of Mischa Rubinoff, the Russian baritone, and Grace Maynard, soprano. These two give a spectacular cabaret act, featuring duets, the prologue from Il Trovatore—sung in costume—and selections from other operas. Another newcomer is Cleve Creighton, ragtime soubrette, who has been imported from New York's cabaret shows. She has a repertoire of the latest popular songs. So great has been the popularity of Mina Stralee, Madame Dossena and Wilbur Ross that they will be retained for a fourth week—each introducing

new songs. As a special added attraction. Herr Franz Buckner, the German pianophend, has been secured for a limited engagement, and will offer distinctive novelties.

LEN BEHYMER AT BAYREUTH

BAYREUTH, Aug. 2.—I am still taking notice of a few things over here, and am considering why I never felt able to make the trip, and how I might have been of a little more value to my city and my work if I had tried it sooner. America is the land of big things, Europe the land of little things. I did not think so much of the country which gives us our toys as I do now, and I have found out what it means to "bear burdens" our own, but, principally, those of others. I have learned what it means to be a pioneer and to suffer for being born too soon, and I now know why our own dear United States is the greatest country on earth, and that when we pause a little in the rush for the big round dollar we are going to learn how to be thoughtful for others and to think of the other fellow as we go.

It seems to me, here in the groves of Bayreuth, and among the green fields so restful, that the Mecca of mankind to find "Peace" is here and not in our own dear country, and that the wonderful "master" of music was also a "master of men;" that it was he who lived and thought out the "evolution" of the "Socialist"—I mean the "thinking Socialist"—and in his wonderful dramas planned the overthrow of all those "demons" or those "faults" and "habits" known to human kind, and at the last, in his "darkening" days evolved that wonderful "redeemer" of "passions" produced in "Parsifal." I have had the honor of attending the rehearsals—the general rehearsals—and the regular series, and will be of some use when I bring grand opera there to Los Angeles and Pasadena this year in my work.

I have seen the better side of it all—the reverence for music. I have visited the "Wanfried" Home and talked with these who knew him. I have visited the rugged "Wartberg," where Luther made his translations and the Landgrave protected him, and the first Elector who stood for the new creed; then to Vienna, where Charles Augustus helped Goethe and Schiller, and where Liszt lived and "taught without price." I find that old King Ludwig was not so "crazy" after all when he discovered the "Wagner" ability and made it possible for him to do his work; that Charles Augustus, when he placed the bodies of Schiller and Goethe in the vaults and crypt of the reigning line—the princes of literature side by side with the princes of the realm—was not so crazy as they thought; that genius needs a meal ticket and that without commercialism there can be much less art and music and that genius can never be a bank president or a merchant prince; that it must be fostered and helped, and so I take off my hat to these "crazy ones" and say we owe a debt of thankfulness to them as co-partners with those who have made the world brighter and better.

Yes, it is the modern story of Higginson and the Boston Symphony, Richard T. Crane and the Chicago Opera and the subsidized Metropolitan—the Chicago Orchestra. Yes, even our own little Symphony Orchestra and its self-denying directors. The same story—you must put your commercialism at the disposal of art; you must build your museums, your art galleries and your parks. Get an early start, making and beautifying your city as you do your home, so that it grows with your city until it becomes a source of pleasure and profit and you wake up one day with a city beautiful and renowned, and a "home beautiful."

You cannot wait until you or your city is "dead" to enjoy the beauty of life. You should have it as you go along. And so I do wonder if Los An-

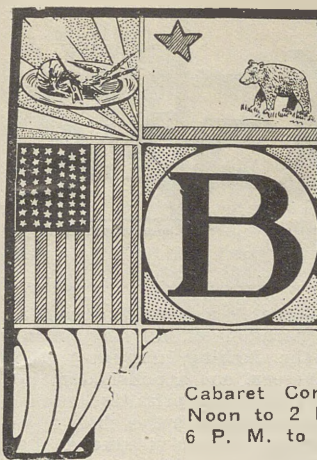
geles and its people realize that now is the time to start. We have thought too much of today and planned not enough for tomorrow. They reserve their resources here, their forests, their grounds, so they can beautify, and their depots are works of art, the same as their other public buildings, and there is a breathing space around all of them and beautiful gardens, and in them the people have learned not only how to work, but how to rest as well.

And the wonderful opera here, the Mecca of the world, shows me there is but one Bayreuth that probably in no other place on earth could they get such an "atmosphere" and enthusiasm and results. It also shows me that these same "enthusiasts" have a commercial proposition that every two years leave enough "coin" in the little town of 34,000 to feed it and house it and—yes, let it sleep, a little for another two years, and they will make the most of it, but they do not "squeeze the goose," but reverence its source. This does not apply to "cab" drivers and "curio" dealers, but it shows me that with a good commercial investment into something of the kind in Los Angeles—the establishment of something besides climate—that would make us a Mecca we have in our own fair city a chance to make it the Bayreuth of America, for it is ideal.

But where to get the King Ludwig? Where to get enough of our citizens to stop, think a moment, and with their help make it possible? This is a land of "bearers of burdens" and taxation is high. The railroads are badly run to help pay the state an income, and the parcels post is cheap and you can almost send a man in them, and the beautiful homes of art very often were gifts of kings. But they find in those burdens an opportunity of a tax which lightens those burdens—a tax which gives them magnificent parks in which to rest, and they do know how to rest over here, and they have found a tax to keep up art galleries and museums, and libraries to help educate their people. And again, a tax-subsidized grand opera; and the drama put on right, by which to amuse and educate their people, and give an incentive to the composer, the painter, the sculptor and the writer, and that is the secret of their great success in these lines. And they give it all to the public cheap, but good. Oh, yes, we can learn many lessons over here, and if we, as visitors, stay longer than ten days in a hotel, in the same town, we find ourselves on our hotel bill paying our little tax for the music we have heard in the parks, and it is right.

I have had so much pleasure! I motored through Bavaria, Saxony, Gotha-Germany, with Madame Gadski and family. Such a splendid trip! And Madame is bringing three magnificent programs to Los Angeles. She will be there October 1st, and she is singing marvelously well. And that grandest of all characters in the singing world, Madame Schuman-Heink, is the queen of all here. Cosima Wagner is the queen of Bayreuth, but Schuman-Heink is the one to whom all bow, the millionaire and his footman—the grand dame and waitresses—the princess and the slavey. Even the ragged urchins know Schuman-Heink as Magdalene, and she is the queen regent. My daughter is still with her, and is motoring through Austria for fourteen days and into Hungary, and will then go to the Munich festival with her. She sails to America September 5 with the steamer Amerika—won't travel on any other—she is so intensely patriotic—and she opens her season in California September 19, and already has eighty-two concert tickets booked. The most popular woman on the concert stage.

I have visited the Rhine country with her and Carlsbad and the great Nurnberg festival, and find her the same fascinating woman and mother whom we all know. I am sending you a program of all the operas here, and some photos I am sure you will like, and must say that the Pasadena boy Regi-



A-1732
Edwy 2276

PHONE FOR YOUR TABLE
To Avoid Disappointment
In the discriminating diner's dictionary
RINK'S—BEST
In Food Quality, Service, Entertainment
"RESTAURANT OF EXCELLENCE"
Spring below 6th

Cabaret Concerts
Noon to 2 P. M.
6 P. M. to 12:30

Sever. Big
Musical
Acts

Morosco-Blackwood Co., Props. and Managers

BELASCO THEATER

Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 26

The Belasco Company will offer HENRI BERNSTEIN'S famous play,

"ISRAEL"

First appearance of Miss Edythe Chapman.

Morosco-Blackwood Co., Props. and Managers

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Main Street. Near Sixth.

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, AUG. 25, 1912,

Richard Bennett

AND THE BURBANK COMPANY

In the fourth week of the sensational play of the underworld

"THE DEEP PURPLE"

To follow, "PIERRE OF THE PLAINS."

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE Oliver Morosco, Manager

COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, AUG. 25, 1912

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

GEORGE BROADHURST'S latest drama.

"Bought and Paid For"

WITH THE ORIGINAL NEW YORK CAST

Broadway, bet. 6th & 7th. Home 10477. Main 977

ORPHEUM THEATER

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

POSITIVELY THE COOLEST SPOT IN TOWN

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 26

MME. BERTHA KALICH & CO.
"A Light from St. Agnes"
CHICK SALE.
Comedy Protean Act
LYDIA NELSON
And Dancing Quartette
PAULINE MORAN
Singing Comedienne
World's News in Motion Views
Every Night at 8, 10-25-50-75c Boxes \$1;

MRS. LOUIS JAMES & CO.
"Holding a Husband"
MARGUERITE HANBY & CO.
"The Leading Lady"
LEW SULLY
"Feminine Fads"
FOUR FLORIMONDS
Juggling on Free Ladders
Sym. Orchestra Concerts, 2 and 8 p. m.
Matinee at 2 Daily, 10-25-50c. Boxes 75c.

nald Deming, is making good. He accompanied Madame Schuman-Heink at the big open reception, and also at Siegfried Wagner's, and is acknowledged by the big ones to be especially good in his work. Gertrude Beswick is coaching with some of the best and is also giving many lessons. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymond were here last week and heard "The Meistersinger," with that grand old man, Hans Richter, as conductor, and "Parsifal," with Dr. Muck wielding the baton, and they are now on the canals of Venice.

I leave Sunday for the Munich festival and will be the guest of Mrs. C. H. H. Beach, the composer, while there, and then to Lusanne, where I take a tour of Switzerland with Harold Bauer, who played in Pasadena last year. The Pasadena Music Club will have a magnificent season this year. They are planning a good series, and even over here the big ones—Gadski, Ysaye, Godinsky, Cheatham, Schuman-Heink, Ihevinne, Martin and Neilsen—all say "Do I go to Pasadena this year? Will it hurt my Los Angeles concert?" And

AFTER THE SHOW

SUP AT THE FAMOUS CAFE
BRISTOL. CLEVER ENTERTAINERS. Perfect Cuisine,

BRISTOL CAFE
4th & Spring
Entire Basement H. W. Hellman Bldg

"Kremola" MAKES THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL. This is the cream that removes the surface cuticle with all discolorations, such as TAN, MOTH PATCHES, dark spots, muddy complexion and pimples, giving a beautiful new complexion. LADIES OF CALIFORNIA: ADOPT KREMOLA as your cream for daily use to the exclusion of all others, and we will GUARANTEE YOU a BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION. DR. C. H. BERRY CO., Chicago. Write for Free Booklet "Hints on How to Be Beautiful."

so they all help make you famous. Am sailing August 22 on the Cleveland. Best wishes. BEE.

Books

With the perpetual Niagara of modern literature that keeps pouring from the publishing houses, there is grave danger of forgetting the books which have lasted through the centuries. E. P. Dutton & Co. are among the few publishers who think it worth while to keep the classics in circulation, and in a series known as "Everyman's Library" they have now issued a new edition of John Langland's "Piers Plowman," the fourteenth century allegory which doubtless furnished John Bunyon with suggestions for his "Pilgrim's Progress." This edition is prepared with special regard for the convenience of the modern reader, who is interested more in the contents than the historical value of the work. The work is "a Vision of a People's Christ," but it also contains satires on the social conditions of the time, aside from the actual quest of the ideal. "The Vision of Lady Meed" for example, is quaintly interesting in these days of the exposure of corruption in courts, and other forms of governmental graft, and indicates that even the most modern of the moderns could teach the medievals little, excepting in finesse. Even then the need for a pure food law was manifest also:

Women that bake and brew, butchers and cooks,
They are the people that harm the poor;
They harm the poor who can but buy in pennyworths,
And secretly and oft they poison them;
They grow rich on their retail with what the poor should eat,
They buy houses, they become landlords;
If they sold honestly they would not build so high.

Even the credit for the discovery of the high cost of living is thus taken from the social reformers of the twentieth century. ("Piers Plowman." "Everybody's Library" edition. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Sweet Summer Romance

"The Melting of Molly" is the title of a fat little book by Marie Thompson Daviess, and it is a sweet summer romance of a fat little widow, grown luscious in the joy of being relieved of her dear departed—with, of course, the incidental assistance of feasts upon country chicken, rich gravies, bon bons, etc. When Molly hears that her childhood sweetheart and ideal is coming back to the village and wants to behold her in the little blue muslin she wore at their parting, her heart does acrobatic turns—but, alas, the waist of the gown is twenty inches, and the waist of Molly is—well, appallingly large. Molly seeks the assistance of her doctor neighbor and friend, to whose motherless little boy she acts as mother-sister. Thereupon, the melting begins—not alone in flesh, but of Molly's heart, for she discovers that, after all, childhood sweethearts lose their glamour and that neighbor doctors with dimpled boys are comforting creatures. It is a pretty little tale, without novelty in plot or action, but with a sweet sentimentality and cleanliness and nothing of the lurid about it. Sweet Sixteen will vote it "perfectly dear." ("The Melting of Molly." My Maria Thompson Daviess. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"The Under Trail"

Shades of Jack Dalton! Memories of Sadie, the beautiful Hairdresser, or the Mystery of the Peroxide. Avaunt Dick, the Moonshiner, or the Still in the Hills. For a lady novelist of the euphonious name of Anna Alice Chapin has put you to shame with "The Under

Trail." There is a heroine, beautiful, good, a paragon of all the virtues, there is the dashing hero—nay, there are two heroes, one a polished man of the world, one the primitive man of the hills—and there is the child of nature, who is a near-villainess. Poor Juliet Gray, the heroine, has adventures enough to give even a trained nurse a touch of nervous prostration. She is shot at, her clothes are set afire, she is attacked by an insane man, she rescues her elemental lover from the law—for, of course, he is innocent—she becomes engaged to the other man, and then is carried away, like Young Lochinvar's bride. One wonders when Juliet got time for her beauty sleep. There is a great deal of interest in the book, however, in the recounting of the customs of the mountain people in Virginia—and in descriptions of the country. Miss Chapin has talent, but she fails to leash her imagination, and as a result it breaks away from her and bays before she has struck the scent. Most modern best sellers are melodrama, but it isn't fair to load one heroine with such a heavy burden of adventure as Miss Chapin has done. May she try again, and subdue her colors! ("The Under Trail." By Anna Alice Chapin. Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Sign at Six"

Down to the last moment in theme, "The Sign at Six," by Stewart Edward White, is a rattling story of wireless raised to the nth power. McCarthy, New York's most powerful citizen, has an enemy who orders him to leave the city within three days. As a hint of the latter's power, he nullifies all the electric currents of the city for two hours. Sufficiently terrible, but more than that happens. McCarthy is at first defiant, but finally is overcome by terror and flies, but not according to orders. This mysterious wizard has evolved laws that enable him to control vibrations; as heat, light and sound are waves of various lengths, he holds humanity in the hollow of his hand. Of course, a cool-headed scientist intervenes to save the situation and the right girl marries the right man. What more can be desired in a summer novel? A girl and a thrill! ("The Sign at Six." By Stewart Edward White. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Politics reigns supreme in "Current Literature" for August, with a dissertation on the Bull Moose entering our political zoo, and even considering our own Governor Johnson, who is dubbed "A Progressive in a Hurry." Lorimer's ousting from the senate is discussed, and sidelights are thrown on other political subjects. Interest is sustained in "Our Victory at the Olympic Games," "England Protests Against Panama Canal Tolls," "Is Madero Another Diaz?" "The Camorristas," "Are We Jeopardizing the Monroe Doctrine?" "The Peruvian Rubber Horrors," "Persons in the Foreground," and departmental contributions, including finance and industry, science and discovery, religion and ethics, music and the drama, literature and art, recent poetry, a short story, and "The Humor of Life."

Notes from Bookland

Mr. J. Seymour Currey's a "Story of Old Fort Dearborn" issued by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. just in time for the hundredth anniversary of the Fort Dearborn massacre which took place

August 15, 1812. is not only a dramatic story of the brief life of the old fort which stood from 1803 until the massacre, but it is incidentally a history of the early beginnings of Chicago and the part played therein by the Kinzie and other early families. The story of the massacre by the hostile Indians after they had promised to convey the members of the garrison to Fort Wayne is dramatically told, and from the best historical sources. The author makes clear the relation of the disaster to the war of 1812. His book should take rank as the most accurate and accessible account of one of the tragic episodes of early western history.

Arthur C. Train's "C Q or In the Wireless House" was written before the disaster to the Titanic, though many of the incidents in the story read as if they might have been founded on the facts of the Titanic's voyage. "Oh, it's quite exciting up here sometimes," the wireless hero of the story tells a passenger . . . "suddenly—bing—out of nowhere you'll catch a little SOS . . . and you find it's a yacht that's punctured herself on a reef. God knows how far off! And then the air gets full of ships simply yelling. You can hear 'em all, from the Bay of Biscay to the Azores."

Now that Andrew Lang has gone, people are finding out how fine and good he was, ever doing good by stealth and never blushing to find it fame. If he heard of a hard case he would say in his supercilious way, "Oh, well, let the parish look after him." But next day the man would receive money and delicacies; and never knew whence they came.

Stage Illusions in Modern Drama

In the good old days when a painted drop stood for a purling brook, when a dusty green cloth shaken by an obvious stage hand suggested to willing minds a perturbed ocean, when flats discreetly placed made a passageway between connecting rooms, the actor's path was comparatively easy. He could go out front and act only provided he remembered his lines. The audience with ready imagination acted with him and created illusion for itself. In these days when the passion for realism and Belascoite attention to detail has, so far as possible, saved the public imaginative strain his path is beset with pitfalls. Real water flows in the brook of to-day, real doors supplied with real locks, take the place of illusion—and after the first gasp of appreciation the pampered audience sits back and asks, "What is the next thing you are going to amuse us with? Produce it and don't keep us waiting. We will get bored if you don't hurry."

It is like the child who is not permitted to participate in the decoration of the Christmas tree. Mother, father, aunt and uncle have had an interesting day preparing a surprise for Johnnie, whose pleasure is over when his eyes have once taken in the finished creation. A great deal of pleasure is taken from the audience when it is not permitted to participate in creating dramatic illusion. A good actor plays upon human love of play acting, but with the present elaboration of stage settings and stage effects he is handicapped not only by what he must overcome of mental attitude, but by the awful possibility that certain of the "practical" properties will not work at the crucial moment. Suppose the door sticks when he must make a quick entrance? Suppose it won't shut and stay shut when his business is to close it? I remember a production which furnished opportunity to a caustic reviewer severely to criticize an actor for carelessly leaving a door open. It happened to know the circumstances. The production had real mahogany doors. It also had a careless stage carpenter. He set the flat in which the door frame was placed on an inward slant. The heavy door naturally fol-

lowed the slant and refused to catch the frame. To keep it shut the actor would be obliged to stand beside it with his hand on the knob for his entire scene—and he had business on the other side of the room. When he moved the door swung open. The action of the play required it to be shut. It was necessary then for a stage hand to come forward with the hook, and make an unpleasant interruption in an otherwise interesting scene.

Such things cannot be done unobtrusively, for the collective audience eye is attracted willy nilly, to the moving object and is held there distractingly. At times it takes all the native cleverness of an actor to overcome the perversity of the "practical prop"—he must invent lines to cover the default or he must invent business to fill up time—and woeful is the result when those who come after must cope with his invention of the moment. In a melodrama a banker sits at his desk writing. A man appears at the window and shoots him. The banker is mortally wounded, but he manages to add to his letter the words "Joel Drake shot me through the window. I saw him do it;" to crawl to the mail chute and drop in the letter before he dies.

One night the man at the window raised his pistol, and pulled the trigger. The cartridge refused to explode. He was equal to the emergency. He had to kill the banker and kill him he would. He crawled through the window, beat out the banker's brains and crawled out again. This showed real presence of mind. Tully Marshall in "the City" once employed the same device to save a situation. In "The City" there was no come back, but in this melodrama there was an outcome that the inventive villain did not count upon. The banker in spite of the drubbing he so unexpectedly received heroically crawled to the mail chute, mailed the letter, and properly died, but the heroine who receives the letter was not forewarned and at the crisis of the play the crowded courtroom was regaled with the words, "Joel Drake beat me to death. I saw him do it." The scene was never finished. The audience caught on. It roared and it continued to roar until the curtain was rung down.

In another play the president of a big insurance company and his chief attorney were trapped in their office by the entrance of two detectives into an ante-room. The way of escape was through a private elevator; but the elevator didn't work—the catch on the door held tight. But the president was not feazed, escape he would; so he walked to the window, raised the sash and with the dramatic words "They must not find us here. Follow me," he stepped out. He had invited his partner in crime to a gentle drop of twenty stories to the street below. A situation of the same kind once occurred in a production of "Romeo and Juliet" when an actor without forewarning the company undertook to improve upon William Shakespeare. When Romeo goes to the apothecary for poison he struck the actor that he should go secretly and not arouse the neighborhood with vociferous cries. So, of a sudden during the performance, he decided to change his method of playing the scene. When he arrived at the apothecary's he sent forth a stage whisper, "What, ho, Apothecary!" And to the joy of the audience the apothecary rushed out with the words, "Who calls so loud?" And so far as any illusion was concerned the play was over.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, Aug. 19, 1912.

DAWSON'S BOOKSHOP
RARE BOOKS
and OLD PRINTS
Ernest Dawson H. W. Collins
CALL AND BROWSE
518 So. Hill Street

News and Gossip Along Automobile Row

NEW COUNTY SPEED LAW DEMANDED

Automobile dealers and motor car owners of Southern California are preparing to make a strong fight for a new county speed law to replace the present ordinance, which makes anyone driving faster than twenty miles an hour a criminal and liable to fine and imprisonment if caught. There is nothing unreasonable in the demand, for the present twenty-mile law is little short of ridiculous. Such a law is proper enough in the city limits, where small children are often playing in the streets, and where the traffic is congested, but in the country the motorist should be allowed to use his discretion as to speed, up to thirty miles, at least.

May Be Worth \$1 a Mile—California motorists are watching with interest the result of a bet that is unique among the wagers that have been made involving automobile travel and globe trotting. It is an agreement which Dr. H. Benton Young, of Trenton, N. J., and William B. Kumpf, of Mt. Holly, N. J., have attempted to fulfill with the certainty that one or the other will win \$10,000. Starting with a high-powered automobile and only a five-dollar bill in his pocket, Dr. Young has begun a trip from Maine to California. Under the conditions of the wager, he must cross the continent, financing the trip by his own earnings en route, without recourse to his bank account, to his friends or to the practice of his profession. In every town where he stops as long as two hours, the doctor must earn \$10 by legitimate methods. The bet grew out of a discussion as to the ability of men of intellect to travel extensively and at the same time earn good incomes. Mr. Kumpf ridiculed an assertion of Dr. Young that he could cross the country, earning \$10 in every place he stopped, and the young physician was promptly challenged to do so. Dr. Young thereupon prepared his Columbia Roadster and started for Maine, there to begin a run that will mean a dollar a mile if he wins.

One Year in Their Motor Car—Ending a motor car journey across two continents that occupied almost a year, Dr. Albert D. Bailey, an oculist of Boston, Mass., reached San Francisco recently in his Stoddard-Dayton touring car. The doctor's wife and two daughters accompanied him on the entire trip, which aggregated 6,000 miles. Following a short visit in the north, the party will come south to Los Angeles, and remain here until ready to start on their long journey homeward. Just a year ago, Dr. Bailey shipped his car to Liverpool and after extensive touring in the British Isles, went to Paris. After a long tour on the magnificent roads of France, he drove to Switzerland and then leisurely continued his journey through Germany, Belgium and Holland. Returning to New York from Hamburg in May, Dr. Bailey almost immediately started on the popular transcontinental road to San Francisco, visiting Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver and Cheyenne en route.

Whittier's Bid for Popularity—With the Whittier hill climb a thing of the past for this year the little Quaker town is trying to make itself an attractive spot for motorists of Southern California by planning for a scenic auto drive that will surpass any now in use in the state. The new boulevard will be known as the Turnbull Canyon Road, and will go from Whittier through the Turnbull Canyon to the top of the Puente hills lying to the north and east. Then, by a slight grade, it will drop down into the San Gabriel valley to the "Lucky" Baldwin estate near Puente. It will be five miles long, and forty feet wide, graded, grav-

eled, and oiled. The steepest grade will be eight percent, and this will only cover one mile of the five. The scheme for two years has been a hobby of the city council of the foothill town, and is at last to see the light. The council is being backed in its efforts by the board of supervisors, the Whittier board of trade, and many prominent business men and auto dealers.

Uncle Sam Waking Up—Another late consideration by the local postoffice officials mature. The scheme is to auto innovation may be introduced in Los Angeles if plans which are under have mail delivered by motor trucks, instead of the present wagons and light buggies. Postmaster Harrison received word from Washington Wednesday authorizing him to hire a motor truck from a local firm for a month. In that time it will be used as an experiment, and if it proves more efficient and economical than the present system a large number will be placed in commission and motor truck delivery made general. The advantages of the automobile over the equine method of delivery are that it can attain greater speed, it requires no rest, and can be left standing without danger of running away. Los Angeles is particularly suitable for such a system because of the absence of snow, slush, mud, and ice. At the end of the trial month Postmaster Harrison will make an extensive report to the Washington headquarters.

From Ocean to Ocean and Return—Not "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands," but from the Atlantic to the Pacific is the transcontinental tour made by auto by J. R. Hilt and E. C. Van Auken, both well known citizens of Colesville, New York, who are now passing a part of the summer and early fall in Los Angeles. The motorists came in a little Maxwell car and followed the northern transcontinental route. At the conclusion of their visit here they will start for their eastern home in the same vehicle, but will traverse the southern route, as they desire to see as much of the country as possible.

Choking Off a Nuisance—Claiming that the emission of gasoline smoke from auto engines is both detrimental to health and to the gowns of the fair shoppers who are promenading the downtown streets, the police commission has recommended to the city council the passage of an ordinance regulating the smoking evil and prohibiting machines from discharging ill smelling and health destroying gases. The recommendation was made this week following a suggestion from Chief of Police Sebastian, in which he stated that he had received many complaints regarding the nuisance.

On a Motorcycle Built for Two—Honeymoons a la motorcycle are the latest modern improvement that Dan Cupid has introduced. Deputy County Clerk Sparks, who has charge of the local marriage license bureau, was sur-

prised Wednesday to notice the swish of skirts, and the smell of gasoline, when George M. Fuller, of Long Beach, and Gertrude Edwards, of this city, entered the office and asked for a license in a hurry, stating as a reason for their haste that they had come on a motorcycle built for two, and had left the engine going, and did not want to waste too much fuel as they needed all they could spare for the honeymoon that was about to follow. The license was issued with all speed, and Rev. T. P. Ferguson of the Peniel Mission agreed to break all records in matrimonial knot tying. It was over in five minutes, and then came the "chug chug" as the couple started down Broadway.

Danny Jines the "Movers"—Among the latest of the local auto dealers to announce new homes for their wares is Danny Whitman, Southern California manager for the J. W. Overland. This week he made public details for the erection of a salesroom and garage on the west side of Olive street between Twelfth and Pico. It will be a two-story structure, with a 55-foot frontage by 157 feet deep, and will be ready for occupancy by October 1, it is expected.

Three-Cornered Merger Rumored—Rumors along auto row are to the effect that Leigh Carpenter, Southern California distributor for the Dorris and Paige-Detroit cars, and A. M. Young, agent for the Thomas auto, are planning to join forces and handle all three makes of cars under one roof.

Santa Ana Not So Slow—Santa Ana motorists are keeping busy this summer with their excursions to various Southern California points of interest. Two have been held thus far, and a third is planned for an early date. The last run was a week ago, with Ocean-side as the terminus, and an old-fashioned picnic was enjoyed there.

Will Boost the National—Bert Dingley, the famous driver, has given up racing for the present, and will devote his energies to the race with competitors along auto row to see how many National cars he can dispose of. He is now local manager for that make of motor, having recently completed a deal with Earle Y. Boothe.

Political Announcements

Primary Election September 3, 1912
General Election November 5, 1912

WILLIAM H. HOLABIRD

Republican Candidate
FOR CONGRESS
10th District
Los Angeles, Cal.

GEORGE R. DAVIS

(Former Incumbent)
Candidate for
JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT
of Los Angeles County

G. RAY HORTON

Chief Trial Deputy
District Attorney Los Angeles County
Candidate for
JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT
of Los Angeles County
Subject to the decision of the Voters at coming Primary

FREDERICK W. HOUSER

(Incumbent)
Announces his candidacy
to succeed himself as
JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT
of Los Angeles County

PAUL J. McCORMICK

(Incumbent)
JUDGE OF DEPARTMENT 12
OF THE SUPERIOR COURT
Announces his non-partisan candidacy to succeed himself as
JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT
of Los Angeles County

JAMES C. RIVES

(Incumbent)
SUPERIOR JUDGE
DEPARTMENT TWO
(Probate Department)
Candidate for nomination at primaries

RICHARD H. NORTON

Candidate for the Republican nomination for
SUPERVISOR
SECOND DISTRICT
My platform—
"Let the People Rule."

HENRY H. LYON

Candidate for the Republican
Nomination for
STATE SENATOR
29th District



Stocks & Bonds



Trading has been anything but remarkable this week on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, with the volume of transactions of a negligible quantity in a market that, however, gives promise of a continued satisfactory undertone. The important bank shares are easier, with the exception of Citizens' National, and the dependable petroleum shares are also soft. Bonds are not active, and the tone must show considerable improvement if the average investor is to be attracted.

Doheny Mexicans as well as the Americans of the same origin, which had been expected to prove satisfactorily dynamic before this, are somewhat soft, with American common, however, being still sought off board, and with Mexican preferred not yet doing business in Wall street, as had been predicted for it more than a month ago. Exchange Alley has a story to the effect that those responsible for the listing of this issue on the New York stock exchange have been trying hard to secure enough of the company's holdings to justify their dipping into the stock on the large scale proposed. Options for the purpose were either promised, or were to have been tied up, when a hitch occurred that has delayed the Wall street trading in Mexican for an indefinite period. The shares, as a result, are ruling softer, with indications for lower prices, but with a certainty that on all breaks there is to be a profit in this security for those who have the courage of their convictions. The market acts as if a similar observation might apply to the Doheny Americans.

There has not been a great deal doing among the Stewart oils this week, the sales having been limited and the price range unfolding anything but an interesting story. Evidently, there is not a great deal in the future for holders of these particular securities. Associated is weak, with no signs of immediate stiffening. Central is soft and acting as if the bottom in the stock has not been reached; Columbia appears to be in about the same boat. Amalgamated alone, in the reliable list, shows strength and market dependability. The Santa Maria list is dead, Rice Ranch being remarkably soft, all things considered.

Among the lesser oils, California Midway continues to play a waiting game, with National Pacific lower than the three point assessment that has been placed against the stock in the last six months.

There is to be an increase in the dividend of the Citizens National Bank, to which fact is attributed the unexpected strength of the stock. Of other banking issues, German American, Security Savings, F. & M. National and First National have been inactive; California Savings, California National and Home Savings are in demand; Central National is quiet.

Bonds are brisker in spots, with L. A. Homes, Union Oil 5s and Associated 5s the favorites.

The undertone in the industrial list is steady, with a limited trading market, however, for even the best of these securities. The Edisons are always wanted, with L. A. Home, common as well as the preferred, ready to be absorbed, when offered at an attractive figure. Los Angeles Investment con-

tinues to thrive in the face of higher prices made officially at stated intervals.

So far as the mining share market is concerned, there is little doing.

Money rates remain unchanged, with no complaint as to conditions in any direction.

Banks and Banking

There is a wide field of usefulness open to the Investment Bankers Association which has just been formed in New York by a large number of financial institutions handling securities upon their own account. One of their objects will be the suppression of the swindling promoter, who is now at liberty in most states to dress any fraudulent scheme he can think of in all the habiliments of legitimate corporate enterprise. Any tract of bare rock near a mining region will form the basis upon which these harpies erect a corporation capitalized at millions. All they need to go into business is enough money to pay incorporation fees and buy a supply of engraved stock certificates, observes the St. Louis Republic. With this much for a start they go forth to prey upon the unsuspecting and inexperienced owners of savings accounts, legacies and small homes. Having sold a little stock for any figure they can get, these rascals create false markets for their wares by sending their own agents to buy it back at advanced prices. Thus millions are diverted from legitimate uses to the pockets of criminal promoters and their salesmen. Through their organization investment bankers can do much to uncover these fraudulent schemes, but in the long run they may accomplish most through their influence upon state legislation. Means should be found for keeping prospectuses of new ventures within the bounds of truth and for laying a heavy hand upon lying venders of worthless stock.

Already the public has heard a good deal about the treasury department experiments in washing bills, so that they look as crisp and new as if just issued, notes the American Banker. Secretary MacVeagh has decided on another innovation, which when carried out will reduce the size of all bills, both greenbacks and national bank notes, by one-third. The change has been proposed on the alleged ground of convenience and in order to afford additional security against counterfeiting. It is proposed to make the dimensions 6 by 2½ inches. The paper money now in circulation measures 7.28 by 3.04. A further innovation is the making uniform of the designs of all paper money, the United States notes and certificates and national bank notes. The banks are generally opposed to the changes here suggested.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has declared another quarterly dividend of \$5 a share, payable Sept. 16. This is the third dividend paid by the company since the dissolution, the new stock having been put upon a 20 per cent basis. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was the old company, known as the Standard Oil Trust. For the six years prior to the dissolution this company paid \$40 annually on its shares, which had a par value of \$100.

4% INTEREST
ON TERM
SAVINGS
ACCOUNTS

3% INTEREST
ON SPECIAL
SAVINGS
ACCOUNTS

ARE YOU INVESTING YOUR EARNINGS?

Are you sure your money is deposited or invested where it is absolutely safe? High sounding high interest offers are not always the glittering gold they are painted.

RESOURCES OVER \$47,000,000. CAPITAL AND RESERVE \$3,300,000

**SECURITY TRUST
& SAVINGS BANK**

Oldest and Largest in the Southwest

For 6% Interest—

The Gold Note

—Your income from the gold Note is certain and liberal—6% payable quarterly.

—Gold Notes are backed by \$10,000,000.00 paid-in capital and surplus—a tangible security based on the ownership of choice Los Angeles real estate.

—You can invest \$100, \$200, or more up to \$5000 in a Gold Note and draw your interest quarterly. Or you can cash your Gold Note with full interest in 90 days.

—If you haven't \$100, place your savings, \$1 or more, in a Gold Note—every installment draws interest.

—No Gold Note owner ever has failed to receive his money back in full on demand.

Get Your Gold Note Today

Los Angeles Investment Co.

333-335-337 South Hill Street

Are You Boosting your business with a booklet?
If so you will want the best experts in the city to make your cuts. See

Star Engraving Company
322 West First Street.

ALBERT SEARL
Reliable Investment Securities

332 SECURITY BUILDING
Member Los Angeles Stock Exchange
Telephone F 1584

Professional and Business Directory

HARNESS AND SADDLERY

SAMUEL C. FOY, 315 North Los Angeles St.
Established 1854. Main 3400

JEWELRY MANUFACTURERS

CARL ENTENMANN, Jeweler,
217½ S. Spring St., (Opposite)

BOOKS, STATIONERY & PICTURES

JONES BOOK STORE, 226 West First Street

ELECTRIC LIGHTING FIXTURES

FORVE-PETTEBONE CO., 514 S. Broadway,
Main 937, Home 7505

BEKINS
Fire-Proof Storage
250 South Broadway

MOUNT LOWE

Towering 6100 feet in the air; the crowning glory of the Southland and reached and climbed by modern electric cars to the 5,000 foot height.

The Scenic Wonderland Trip of the Continent

Cars leave Pacific Electric Station Los Angeles at 8, 9 and 10 a. m. and 1:30 and 4 p. m., conducting one via Oak Knoll, Pasadena, Altadena, and winding up through entrancing Rubio Canyon reaches the famous incline, from the top of which, 3,000 feet in the air, begins the wondrous scenic trolley trail to ALPINE TAVERN, ye beautiful house of comfort in cloudland.

Regular Round Trip Fare (Daily)\$2.50
Saturday-Sunday-Holiday Rate 2.00

Send for Illustrated Folder Describing it Fully

Pacific Electric Railway

Back East Excursions



SALE DATES

August 24, 29, 30, 31.

September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12.

Boston	\$110.50	Houston	\$60.00	New York	\$108.50
Chicago	72.50	Kansas City	60.00	Omaha	60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00	Memphis	70.00	St. Louis	70.00
Denver	55.00	New Orleans	70.00	St. Paul	73.50

Many other points in addition to the above.
Good for return until October 31, 1912.
Liberal stop over privileges.
For details phone or call on

E. W. McGee, General Agent,
334 South Spring Street
Phones: A 5224; Main 738;
Broadway 1559

3 DAYS to CHICAGO

SOLID TRAIN DE LUXE EQUIPMENT



THROUGH SALT LAKE CITY

SALT LAKE ROUTE UNION PACIFIC NORTHWESTERN

Runs daily from Los Angeles at 10:30 a.m., arrives at Chicago third day at 11:20 a.m. Also has a through sleeper to Denver in two days. Connects at Omaha for St. Paul. An excellent train for eastern excursions, for which tickets are sold on various dates until Sept. at greatly reduced fares for round trip.

Particulars at 601 S. Spring St., Los Angeles and other Salt Lake Route offices.

Here's a Thought for the Discriminating Advertiser

Sixty per cent of the California Club membership receives The Graphic weekly, a goodly share of the Jonathan Club members take it and in the University Club, Union League and the Beloved Sunset Club it has a fine representation.

Why? Because of the diversified, high-class character of its contents: Pungent editorials, current comment on world happenings, New York, London and San Francisco letters by brilliant writers, gossip "By the Way" department, unique "Browsings" for lovers of old books, down-to-date literary page, comment on art and artists, unsurpassed music page, spirited dramatic critiques, giving a complete purview of the local stage, exclusive "Social and Personal" department, pithy and intelligent review of local security market and banking affairs generally.

The Graphic has been established eighteen years. Its reputation, its prestige and its circulation are steadily increasing. It is the only high-class weekly in Los Angeles that goes into the homes and the clubs, containing, as it does, reading matter so diversified that it is equally interesting to men and women who think for themselves.

No waste circulation. Every subscriber a possible purchaser for the best class of trade. Advertising rates are reasonable.

S. T. CLOVER = = = Editor and Publisher
THE GRAPHIC, 403-4 San Fernando Building, Los Angeles.

OUR AIM IS PERFECT SERVICE

If you are a dissatisfied consumer make your complaints to us—

your friends can't help you.

We make it our business to remedy all your gas troubles.

Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation
645 SOUTH HILL STREET.

University of Southern California : : Los Angeles

"THE CITY UNIVERSITY"

Leading Institution of Higher Learning in the Great Southwest. The UNIVERSITY comprises nine colleges—Liberal Arts, Law, Medicine, Theology, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Music, Oratory, Fine Arts, Co-Educational throughout, with higher academic standards and wholesome Christian influence.

2107 students enrolled last year.

Strong GRADUATE DEPARTMENT. Issues Recommendation for High School teacher's certificate on same basis with Berkeley and Stanford. 69 Recommendations in 1911-12; 18 Master of Arts degrees in June.

SPECIAL CLASSES FOR TEACHERS on Saturdays and late afternoon hours. Next semester in College of Liberal Arts opens September 10. For full information address

University of Southern California, Los Angeles.

COLLEGE OF LAW

Largest law school west of the Mississippi. Both day and night classes.

Address communications to

FRANK M. PORTER, DEAN

416 Tajo Bldg.,

First and Broadway, Los Angeles.



—Velour—Fashion reverts to it again and again. Note how brilliantly simple is this snug fitting model—touched with Spears of Irish Crochet. Shown by Bullock's.



—The hat of Individuality—No set style—but capable of expressing a myriad shades of character. Velour—for Velour is Queen for Fall. Shown by Bullock's.



—And again Velour—the highest Millinery art suggested the touch of trimming in the narrow band—soft toned colors. Shown by Bullock's.

—Autumn Leaves announcing Bullock Tailored Hats.

¶ From the inner Halls of Millinery Fame they have come, signed Hyland, Crosby, Burgesser, Atchison, Phipps and Rawak (you know the names).

¶ Brilliant Creations of simple beauty.

¶ And rivaling them, Bullock Hats, of equal charm.

¶ First Word of Fall.

¶ A promise of the unusual Millinery Style Service Bullock's is prepared to render.

¶ A cordial invitation to you to view this early display.

